

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

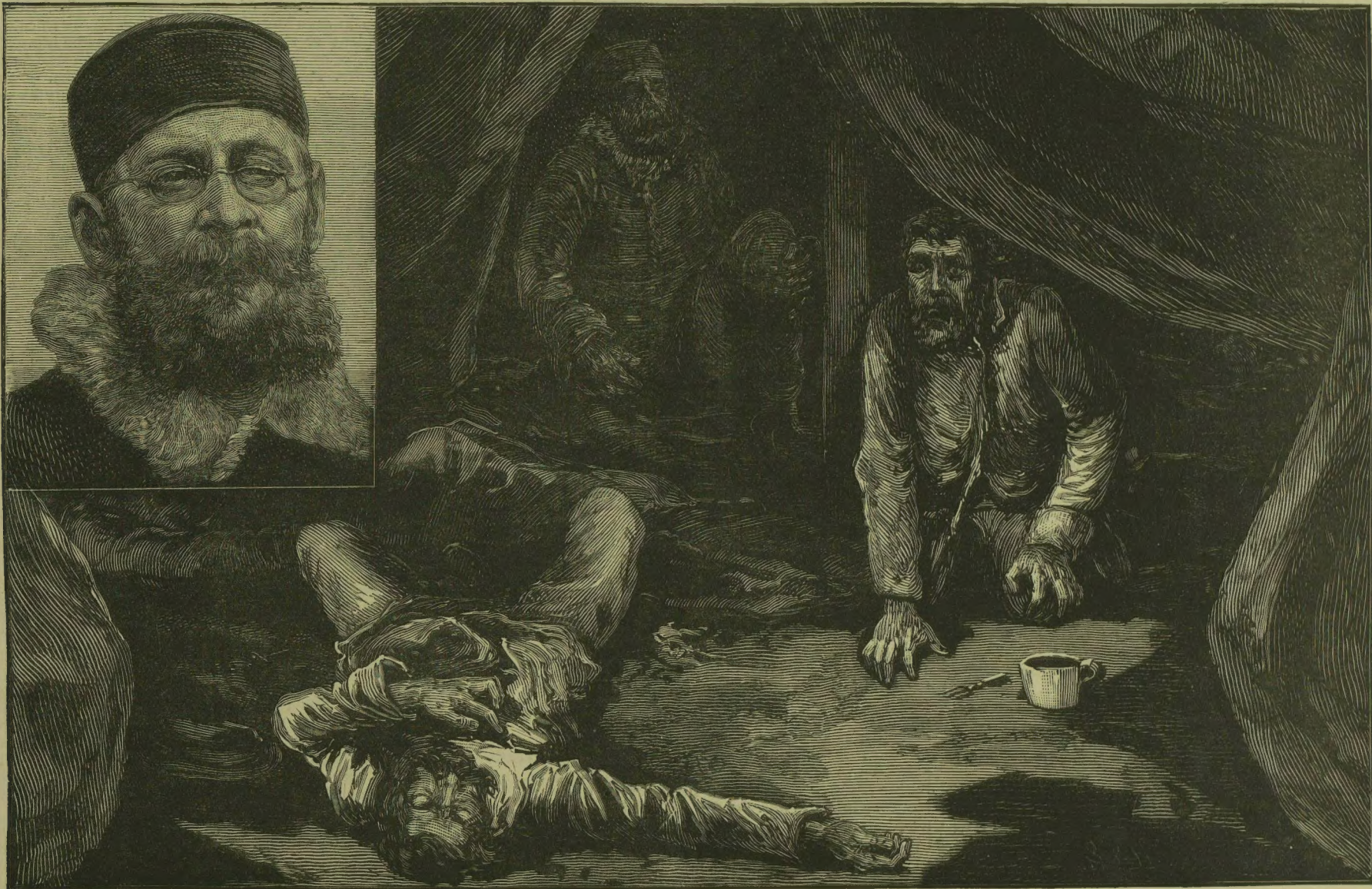
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SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1884.

WITH ——— SIXPENCE.
EXTRA SUPPLEMENT By Post, 6^d.

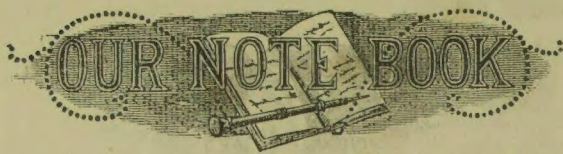
Lieutenant Greely.



DISCOVERY OF LIEUTENANT GREELY AND HIS COMPANIONS IN THEIR TENT NEAR CAPE SABINE, SMITH SOUND.



CARRYING SURVIVORS FROM THE TENT TO THE LAUNCH.
THE AMERICAN ARCTIC EXPEDITION.



The Empress Eugénie is at Carlsbad, where she diligently drinks the waters of the Schlossbrunnen. Everyone knows and reveres this Mater Dolorosa of our latter days, clad in her long black cloak, and leaning on the ebony cane that is meant for use rather than ornament. She is accompanied by M. Piétre and Madame Bourbaki, and is attended by Dr. Loudon, a Hungarian Jew, who is one of the cleverest physicians of his generation.

The Bonanza millions are destined to enrich Italy, and Miss Eva Mackay becomes Princess Colonna. She could hardly have chosen a more ancient or more honourable family, and there is a certain fitness in the idea that the wealth of the New World is destined to repair the fortunes of that stately Roman house, whose patronymic is a synonym for all that is patrician and princely.

A few years ago, immediately after our war with Abyssinia, Queen Victoria was very kind to a little Prince of that country, who came over here for education; and when the poor child died from the effects of our ungenial climate, she had him buried at Windsor, in St. George's Chapel. King John knows on which side his bread is buttered; and has just sent three Envoys to England bearing presents for her Majesty in the shape of a young male elephant and a large monkey. These animals were landed at Osborne on Wednesday morning; and if the inhabitants of Vectis were not deeply impressed with the solemnity of the occasion, the Envoys were, and that was quite sufficient.

Outcast New York is attracting quite as much attention as Outcast London, and the authorities are diligently endeavouring to scotch the evil before it becomes too unwieldy. A Commission has been appointed by Governor Cleveland, and some interesting facts have been elicited, as well as hosts of harrowing details of misery and overcrowding. A dying child told the inspector that she was glad to go, because there would be more food for her brothers and sisters. Chromos and common prints were observed on the walls of even the most poverty-stricken rooms, but in only one instance was a book seen, and that was in the possession of a coloured laundress, whose two children were learning lessons while she plied her iron.

The devastation caused this summer by locusts in Central Spain is something appalling, and British farmers may cease to grumble at the woes that beset them when they hear that their *confrères* in one single Spanish province have lost no less than two million pounds sterling through the ravages of these devouring hosts. The peninsular authorities should borrow a leaf from the book of our rule in Cyprus, and pay for the collection and destruction of locust eggs, if the plague is to be averted in future seasons.

A few years ago, Bosnia and the Herzegovina were names much bandied about, though only the haziest notions prevailed as to the whereabouts of the countries they represented. Those who study the history of their own time are more likely to remember that the dogs of war and insurrection were loose in those regions between 1875 and 1879, than to know that a couple of English ladies, Miss Irby and Miss Johnstone, have been levelling up the position of their own sex in Bosnia ever since 1869. Thirty-two destitute girls at a time have been under their care in an orphanage at Serajevo, and diligently educated in all right principles and womanly duties, though no attempt is made to induce them to leave the Greek Church, which is the orthodox religion of the country. They are much sought after in marriage, and as school-mistresses, but money is lacking, and Miss Irby finds herself obliged to apply to the British public for funds wherewith to carry on her good work. Only £400 a year is required, or about £12 10s. for each orphan, and Messrs. Twining are ready to receive and forward subscriptions.

An extremely brave and daring deed was performed at Eastbourne on Monday by Miss Kate Munroe, the well-known comedy actress and vocalist. Miss Munroe, preferring to take her bath in the open ocean than at the spot affected by the bathing-machines, went some little distance from shore to have her morning swim. A youth, aged fourteen, more bold than experienced, had miscalculated his strength, and probably urged on by the tide, had gone a great deal farther from the beach than he had any right to. He was endeavouring to return, and with what little breath he had to spare screaming for help, when Miss Munroe, noticing him in trouble about 250 yards off, swam to his rescue and held him up, entirely exhausted, until a boat reached them.

Although poor "Bloody Mary" felt the loss of Calais so grievously, everybody knows that she has been long avenged by English trainers and jockeys, who have penetrated to the very heart of France and taken almost complete possession of Chantilly. There, a few years ago, died, full of years and honours, a member of the syndicate of Chantilly, Thomas Carter, the first English trainer that settled in France (in the service of Lord Henry Seymour) after the institution of the French Jockey Club. There, too, on the 14th inst., died the "doyen" or "father," as we say, of all the English jockeys in France; his name was Flatman, recalling memories of the celebrated "Old Nat" (Elnathan Flatman). He had lived for a long while in retirement at Chantilly, but he did good work in his day for Prince Marc de Beauvau and M. H. Delamarre; he rode the Duc de Morny's Démon in the first race for the Grand Prix (1863), and he would, no doubt, have ridden Vermont the next year, when Blair Athol was beaten, but that Bois-Roussel, being considered the better of M. Delamarre's pair, was consigned to him.

The Abbé Liszt, who has just been struck with blindness, is an extraordinarily eccentric old man. Although upwards of seventy years of age, he insists that his pupils—he takes only a very select few now—shall call him by his first name, Franz; and he endears himself to them by many acts of encouragement and kindness. The brilliant pianist has a special weakness for tomatoes, and lately received anonymously from London a huge case of them, probably sent by some appreciative pupil who has scored an artistic success in this country.

Some time ago Londoners were surprised at the sight of an itinerant organ-grinder in a suit of sombre but aristocratic livery. On the organ was printed the enticing legend "For Charity," and it was accompanied by an obviously disguised but evidently gentleman-like young man, who knocked at street doors, and after an interview with the proprietors of the houses went away in most cases eminently satisfied with the results of his visits. Emulating the example of the metropolitan collector, two musicians are now perambulating the favourite resorts on the south coast ostensibly gathering money to be devoted to charitable objects. Whatever may be the ultimate destination of the money they receive, these tuneful twins excite plenty of curiosity wherever they go. One wears a black muffler tied round his mouth and a black wig, and the other blue spectacles and a slouch hat; they travel with a piano fixed on a low cart drawn by a donkey, and manage to attract large and no doubt remunerative crowds. At the Eastbourne Theatre, Miss Kate Vaughan's dramatic company playing the Gaiety burlesque "Fra Diavolo" parodied the performance of these mysterious musicians, to the extreme delight of a local audience that included the anonymous benefactors of the unrevealed charity.

Any litigant has a perfect right to appear in person and conduct before the Law Courts any case in which he or she is plaintiff or defendant, dispensing with professional aid. How competent Mrs. Weldon is to argue and cross-examine has been proved beyond all doubt by her perseverance and her successes. But she appeared at Lambeth Police Court on Monday to make an application to the presiding magistrate on behalf of some other party alleged to have been ill-used. In thus acting Mrs. Weldon is clearly infringing the rights of lawyers and advocates, and, though her advice and assistance as a juriscult may be invaluable, yet the privilege of appearing in Court on behalf of clients is at present confined to the other sex, and to those who pay large duty to the Inland Revenue for the certificate to practise. Maybe no lawyer will be found bold enough to enter into a controversy on the subject with the litigious lady, but the Judges and magistrates have the power in their own hands, and can exercise it by refusing to listen to any one not properly qualified.

We do not need the deserted appearance of the London streets, the long lines of luggage-laden cabs proceeding to the stations, the advertisements of rival companies advertising their readiness to take everybody everywhere and back at an infinitesimal cost, to know that the tourist is about. A little paragraph in the country papers calling attention to the death of a tree planted some years ago by her Majesty is sufficient reminder of that fact. The tree, originally healthy and well, slowly succumbed under a malady which was beyond the art of arboriculturists to minister to. It was a malady which boasts of no especial name, but may be designated as the cutting-your-initials-on-barks-of-trees, and slicing-off-twigs-as-a-memento-of-your-travels mania. All lovers of trees will read with pleasure the announcement which now appears through the length and breadth of the New Forest, that bringers about of this same malady will be prosecuted with the utmost rigour. It may raise a smile at first, for all the demonstrators who have ever demonstrated, each armed with a clasp-knife, could do little to the glorious forest as a whole; but there can be no doubt but that some of the show trees, such as "the Queen of the Beeches," that poem for a painter, that picture for a poet, would in a few years fall a victim to the entwining of "Arriet's" initials with those of "Arriet."

The initial cutters have, it must be admitted, excellent authority on their side, for in Shakspeare's most charming comedy, the offence which the New Forest authorities are determined to stamp out, is regarded as a dainty feat on the part of a delicious heroine. And though "W. F. G., 1883," most certainly annoys, yet with age a tinge of romance comes over the most unpoetical of carvings. We have in our memory initials with the date 1731 carved on a mantelpiece in an old house in the Weald of Kent. What manner of man was this who dared to hack away at his host's marble? Surely a ruffler of the period, maybe with a weakness for taking to the road in times of financial depression. And on the Great Pyramid quite recently was to be seen an English name with the solemn date 1649 attached. Who was he who, when his country was cutting off his King's head, laid himself quietly down in the Egyptian sun and carved his name?

Surely a daily contemporary is incorrect in stating that neither Royalty nor Literature, including Art, "makes" country resorts in England. Our contemporary admits Brighton; but there are others besides that priceless boon to London by George IV. which owe their popularity to the Royal Family. Who "made" Weymouth? You can but answer George III. Who "made" the Isle of Wight? Most certainly her present Majesty the Queen. Take the Highlands. They were "made," in the first place, by Sir Walter Scott; but their popularity was enormously enhanced amongst those who could not undergo an examination in Waverley or Rob Roy by her Majesty's visits north. Broadstairs was undeniably "made" by Charles Dickens. Thackeray "re-made" Tunbridge Wells. Exmoor is for the most part traversed, "Lorna Doone" in hand, by lovers of Blackmore. The list could be easily expanded, but the above is sufficient to show that the speculative builder and the imaginative doctor are not responsible for all our holiday haunts.

Grouse, once more, is in the mouths of men, in more senses than one; and once more the question is heard: "What is the French for 'grouse'?" Somebody says: "coq de bruyère"; somebody else, more correctly: "There isn't any; they haven't that particular fowl, and so they can't have any native name for it. 'Coq de bruyère' is a larger fowl of a different sort altogether." Poor France! No word for "grouse," no word for "comfortable," no word for "home"! No grouse, no comfort, no home! And yet Frenchmen speak well of their country—even boast of it.

A few words on swimming, which is a very seasonal topic just now. There is no accomplishment about which so many wrong ideas prevail, especially among ladies, and more especially among ladies who know nothing of it from personal experience. A man or boy, who can swim, they seem to think, can swim any distance, without any preparation, for any length of time, under any conditions of wind, weather, water, tide, or current; can save himself and his whole family in case of boat accident or shipwreck; and, so far as he himself is concerned, is as safe from drowning as Jonah was in the whale's belly. There never was a greater mistake. Everybody, of course, should learn to swim, as it may be very useful on occasion, when water is deep and distances are short, and weather and temperature are not too much for flesh and blood; but, as a general rule, it is only by the most constant practice, so as to keep the proper muscles in play, to husband the breath, to get the body inured to the unusual element, and so on, that a man who "knows how to swim" with the most perfect knowledge is rendered fit for more than a few hundred yards of swimming at a moment's notice. So little is a man naturally adapted for making progress in the water, that even a Beckwith, though amphibious apparently, would be puzzled to swim his two miles within the hour, even under favourable circumstances.

Hats off to Miss Julia Green! Most certainly! For Miss Julia Green has for the second year in succession won the gold medal presented by the Portsmouth Swimming Club, and again bears the title of Lady Champion. Miss Green won the Eighty-Eight Yards Race last week in the very creditable time of 1 min. 12 sec., while Miss Annie Thompson and Miss Alice Gore followed her home with the times of 1 min. 23 sec. and 1 min. 24 sec. respectively. This is very gratifying, as is the fact that no less than eleven ladies started for the race. Remembering how many emergencies arising from boating parties it has flashed across the male mind "if anything does happen, not one of the ladies can swim," and remembering what additional nervousness has been created by the thought, we hail Miss Green Lady Champion of Portsmouth with pleasure, and would gladly record similar performances in every city and town of the United Kingdom.

What is a "jubilee year"? In Leviticus it is written: "Ye shall hallow the fiftieth year, and proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof: it shall be a jubile (sic) to you." And so it is generally understood that a "jubilee" is a quinquagesimal celebration. But horse-racing circles probably care little for Leviticus or for custom (unless in the shape of "gate-money"); so that the "Jubilee Prize of Baden" is advertised to be run for on the 25th inst., "in remembrance of the foundation of the Baden Races in 1858." That is to say, twenty-five years (for the Franco-German war caused a cessation of the racing for one year) are the interval assigned by the racing gentry of Baden for the fixture of a "jubilee." Nothing is said in the announcement about the disinterested M. Bénazet, who farmed the celebrated gambling-place at Baden and, seeing with the eye of a general how horse-racing would pair with the other gambling and breed profits to his advantage, set horse-races, accordingly, a-going, and astounded simple folk by his munificent contribution of more than £3000. Surely the Jubilee Prize might include at least a pack of cards or a silver "rake" in memory of the generous Bénazet.

By-the-way, there is the "Anti-Slavery Jubilee," too, which it was not quite according to Leviticus and Cocker to set for 1884, if the "Abolition Act" was passed in 1833. As for the gentlemen who have "written to the papers" about glorious Granville Sharp and Lord Mansfield's decision in 1772, saying that "Sharp was the friend, not Codlin," and that "it is not the jubilee, but the centenary of emancipation" (though it is not exactly either) "that should be celebrated," they seem to forget that the object of "jubilee" is the Act of 1833. Granville Sharp ought to have (and has in the imagination of thousands) a monument as high as the stars; and by all means let him and the decision he obtained from Lord Mansfield be commemorated by as many "tenaries" as possible. But there is no reason why there should not be a "jubilee" for the Act of 1833 without any disrespect towards Granville Sharp or any forgetfulness of the judgment delivered by Lord Mansfield.

The "Cornstalks," as the Australians are familiarly called, carried batting to a pitch beyond the experience or even imagination of man, in the first innings of their cricket-match against England at the Oval the other day. And yet, such extraordinary scoring in a manner defeats itself; for if the other side make any fight at all, and the time of playing be not extended beyond three days, a "draw" and not a victory is the inevitable result. *Mem.: Don't score too many.*

Eisenach is to be the birthplace of a new Reformation, but its Luther has not yet come forward. The German student is the being who intends henceforth to be a law unto himself, and he aims at the abolition of duelling, and proposes in future not to live beyond his means. If to these good resolutions he would only add some limitation in the number of his *bocks* of beer, there would be less temptation to extravagance and fewer occasions of dispute.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

Duke Arthur the Second, whose body was buried in peace at Strathfieldsaye on Tuesday, was in no sense of the term an ordinary man. He inherited much of his illustrious sire's shrewdness and blunt common-sense, qualities which might have won him renown for deep sagacity had he been called upon or had he cared to take part in the business of statecraft. His greatest misfortune was to be the son of his father and burdened with the tremendous weight of a mighty name.

The late Duke of Wellington was a very kindly gentleman, perfectly simple and unaffected in his manners, a pleasant conversationalist, and a sayer of drolly humorous sayings. He was rather eccentric, and so deaf that it was slightly difficult to converse with him even through the medium of an acoustic walking-stick which he latterly carried. When the time comes to be personally anecdotic about him, those I fancy who will have the most to say concerning the *faits et gestes* of Duke Arthur the Second will be Dr. W. H. Russell, Mr. Boehm, R.A., Mr. Birkbeck, M.P., and those who have had the honour to meet the Duke at the Viscountess Combermere's luncheon parties, and especially at the table of General Edward Lowe, the last surviving son of Sir Hudson Lowe. At the residence of General and Mrs. Lowe "His Grace the Duke of Wellington" was (by his own special desire) unknown. He was only "Mr. Wellesley," and, under that cognomen, was full of caustic fun.

Youthful readers of Mrs. Gaskell's "Memoirs of Charlotte Brontë" may take note of the circumstance that the very old gentleman of seventy-eight who has just passed away was the self-same Marquis of Douro about whom the Brontë girls were so fond of inditing closely-written sheets of semi-mystic prose. To these fervid sisters, pining in their wild Yorkshire home, the eldest son of Duke Arthur of Waterloo appeared in the light of a Hero of Romance. But there never was anything romantic about him, either as Marquis of Douro or as Duke of Wellington. He had a tolerably large crop of wild oats to sow when he was young; and I believe that one of the most familiar phrases in modern English speech was first used by Duke Arthur the First with reference to some business complications in which his son and heir was mixed up. "F. M. the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr. —, and declines to interfere in circumstances over which he has no control." Such were the terse terms of a note written, I think, about 1839 or 1840. I can remember no earlier occurrence of the phrase.

Mem.: In the list of the distinguished personages present at the funeral at Strathfieldsaye, I note the name of the Reverend George Robert Gleig, sometime Chaplain-General of the Forces. Mr. Gleig fought as a subaltern with the first Duke in the Peninsula, in 1812. He served in the American War in 1814-15, and, after being severely wounded, went back to Oxford and took holy orders, and he is now eighty-eight years of age.

Of some news it is commonly said that "it is too good to be true;" and of that saying one is reminded by the announcement in so serious a journal as the *Times* that the problem of aerial navigation has at length been solved, and that the surprising fact has been communicated to the French Academy of Sciences by M. Hervé Mangon. It is explicitly stated that a method of steering balloons has been invented by a captain of engineers named Renard, who, in conjunction with a Captain Krebs, has been experimenting in a large inclosure in the wood of Meudon. The difficulty to be overcome was the construction of an engine combining sufficient power with adequate lightness, and this, it is alleged, has been done: the propeller of the balloon being set in motion by a machine composed of a series of accumulators providing a force of ten-horse power for several hours.

It is further asserted that, on the Ninth instant, a balloon ascent was made at Meudon in the presence of a large number of persons. The "aerostat" passed over Meudon and proceeded to Villebon, where, to the astonishment of the spectators, "the balloon was seen to turn a semicircle, and return to its starting-point in the teeth of a slight breeze. The balloon went and returned exactly to the spots fixed upon beforehand." If this statement be true (and the Balloon Society of Great Britain will lose no time, I should say, in sifting the matter), the greatest of social and, it may be, political revolutions is at hand. The secret of aerial navigation could not long be kept; and every nation would be able to participate in the all but exact fulfilment of Dr. Erasmus Darwin's prophecy:—

Soon shall thine arm, undaunted Steam, afar
Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car;
Or on wide-waving wings expanded bear
The flying chariot through the realms of air.

But the pleasing philosopher and didactic poet who died in 1802 was only thinking of the possibilities of steam. Electricity "up in a balloon" was beyond his purview.

The "silly season" having begun in real earnest, the newspapers are, as a necessary consequence, full of instructive and amusing matter; and we shall be spared, for a few weeks at least, from the dully drenching downpour of Parliamentary wrangle, jangle, and "jobation." A most interesting discussion on the subject of Alcoholic Drinks is in animated progress in the leading journal; and although many old arguments, old fallacies, old crotchets, and old hobbies are being trotted out again, a formidable array of facts, figures, and opinions, well worth attentive study, are being brought to the front. The contest is, for the nonce, chiefly between the Total Abstinens and the advocates of what is called "moderate drinking."

A very large amount of information on this deeply interesting topic will be found in a book recently published by Messrs. Kegan Paul, called "The Foundation of Death: a Study of the Drink Question," by Axel Gustafson. This gentleman is,

I believe, a Swedish journalist who, as is the habit of Scandinavians of culture, writes and speaks our language as well as he does his own. M. Axel Gustafson has also resided long in the United States, so that he is in every way qualified as a student of the Great Drink question.

I do not agree with any one of the gentleman's conclusions; and I have not much more faith in the soundness of the axiom quoted from a Dr. Hofeland, who says that "generally speaking, death is not a change undergone in a moment, but a gradual passage from a condition of active to a condition of latent life." But this is not the place for controversy. All I can do is to advise earnest people to read Mr. Gustafson's book (although it is one of nearly six hundred pages, and the thermometer is at eighty-five in the shade), and to compliment him on the extraordinary industry and acumen which he has displayed in collecting facts and figures in support of his theories. As he truly observes, "the world literature of alcohol is enormous"; and Mr. Gustafson seems to have consulted over three thousand works bearing on Drink and the Drink question.

"It is as natural to die as to be born; and to a little infant, perhaps, the one is as painful as the other." I quote the complete Baconian sentence for the reason that "F. V. P." (Manchester), draws attention to an apposite and beautiful passage in "King Lear" (v. 2):—

Men must endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither:
Ripeness is all.

A lady kindly reminds me of another parallel passage in Jeremy Taylor:—"For as soon as a man is born, that which in nature only remains to him is to die."

Compare Seneca:—

What is death but a ceasing to be what we were before? We are kindled and put out; we die daily. Nature that begot us expels us, and a better and a safer place is provided for us.

"D. B." wishes to know whether I am aware that in Aberdeen a pavior's rammer is called, among working people, "a bishop," and what is the origin of so peculiar an application of the word. Well, "bishop" means several things besides "epi-skopos," the overlooker or superintendent of a flock of Christian people. According to the American humourist, Mr. J. G. Saxe, one of the terms for a lady's "dress-improver" is a "bishop." "Bishop," again, is a beverage composed of burned wine, sugar, lemons, and so forth; and "to bishop" is a term of farriery signifying the use of deceptive arts to make an old horse appear like a young one. But why a pavior's rammer should be known in Aberdeen as "a bishop" I do not know.

Mem.: Derrick the hangman (whose real name was Theoderic) gave his name, first to the gallows itself, and then to a crane. Perhaps there was once a person named Bishop who introduced some improvements in the construction of the pavior's rammer. Or how would it be if some waggish medical student called these rammers "bishops" on the ground of their giving so much employment to the "biceps" muscles?

I read in the *World*:—"It is said that a certain open-air preacher, finding his congregation somewhat sparse during the hot weather, has serious thoughts of establishing an open-air church. This, in a fine old-fashioned shady garden, or some pleasant, well-timbered, umbrageous park, would scarcely fail to attract a large congregation." The idea is really a very sensible one, and the experiment might be tried, to begin with, in the inclosures of the London squares. But has there not been, these very many years past, every Sunday in summer time what is practically an open-air congregation in connection with the tiny Church of St. Lawrence in the Isle of Wight? I remember, full forty years ago, a lady telling me that she had heard service and sermon as one of the "overflow" congregation in St. Lawrence's churchyard. I was never there; and, for aught I know, the tiny Church of St. Lawrence (of which I treasure a picture in coloured sand, gummed on pasteboard, with a lock of soft brown hair and an old kid glove in memory of somebody or something) has been enlarged or restored, long ago. Do not laugh at my ignorance. It is people of leisure who know their Isle of Wight by heart. I never had any leisure worth speaking of.

The great King Mithridates, surnamed Eupator, we used to learn at school, fed on poisons; at least he fortified his constitution by taking antidotes for the nasty stuff with which his enemies the courtiers attempted to destroy him. I cannot remember whether we were also told that the name of Mithridates' physician was Hahnemann. The family of a milkman at Philadelphia about whom I lately read a "Horrible Tale" in the *New York Herald* would have acted wisely had they adopted Mithridates' precautions before indulging in a feast of strychnine pills. The Philadelphia milkman's wife, it appears, kept a boarding-house. Just before supper one evening, one of the young gentleman boarders observed that he was hungry; whereupon the milkman's lady jocularly offered him a box of pills to stay his stomach withal.

Straightway the young gentleman boarder swallowed fourteen pills, daring a Mrs. Kelly to join in the feast. The undaunted Mrs. Kelly devoured ten pills. Miss Annie Kelly, aged seventeen, swallowed twenty boluses. Mrs. Bridget Boyle, aged forty-five, "contributed to the general hilarity by masticating thirteen"; and Mr. Daniel Gallagher, aged nineteen, "wound up the pharmaceutical feast by taking the rest." Shortly afterwards, every member of the family fell into convulsions, "their distemper showing symptoms quite similar to hydrophobia. Mrs. Boyle and Mr. and Mrs. Kelly rolled about the dining-room floor in great agony." The *Herald* omits to tell us how many of the partakers of the "pharmaceutical feast" died, or whether they were restored to health by antidotes composed of "enormous gooseberries."

It is something, after all, to have lived long enough to read in the *Morning Post* a sweet lyric, signed "R. C.," entitled

"The British House of Peers." This enchanting ballad is to be sung to the tune of "The British Grenadiers." I grieve that I can only find room for two stanzas:—

Some swear by Wilfrid Lawson, And some by Labouchere, And some applaud Joe Chamberlain, While some by Bradlaugh swear. Down, down with cant and caucus, Let 's greet the right with cheers, And praise their pluck, and wish them luck, The British House of Peers!	For when they were commanded To pass a Franchise Bill, They bade a Tyrant Premier Inquire the nation's will. John Bright may rant like Rabshakeh, And Rogers vent his sneers; Let's praise their pluck, and wish them luck, The British House of Peers!
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Bravo, Bravissimo! Since "Ye Mariners of England" was published, I doubt whether there has been penned a more whole-souled and heart-stirring lyric than "The British House of Peers." It should be sung in all Board Schools. The allusion to the ranting of Rabshakeh is very fine, and would make that vapouring ambassador of the King of Assyria "feel bad" were he alive. On the whole, "The British House of Peers" may fairly be considered worthy to rank with what somebody once called the *Knee plush ultra* of modern patriotic poetry. Only, the grammatical construction is slightly faulty. Read by the light of the context, it is Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Mr. Labouchere, Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Bradlaugh, Mr. Bright and Mr. Rogers, whose pluck we are bidden to praise, and to whom we are to wish luck. But what is manner when the matter is so excellent? Let the Haughty Hospodar of Hawarden read R. C.'s lines and Tremble.

I read in a morning paper that there died a few days ago in Paris M. Charles Comte, director of the theatre known as the Bouffes Parisiens, of which, under its original name of the Théâtre des Jeunes Elèves, his father, the celebrated physician, was the founder. M. Charles Comte was the son-in-law of the famous composer, Jacques Offenbach, who preceded him in the management of the Bouffes.

It is by a very curious equivoque that M. Comte père is spoken of as a "celebrated physician." He was bred to the law, and never followed the profession of medicine. But, if you will refer to Mr. Charles Hervey's entertaining and instructive "Theatres of Paris" (London: Mitchell, 1846), you will find that the elder Comte was a celebrated *physicien*—a professor of physics, not of physic: in other words, a ventriloquist and conjuror of the rarest capacity.

Of his attainments as a ventriloquist Mr. Hervey relates a diverting anecdote. Comte one day fell in with a peasant woman leading a fine pig to market. He offered a hundred francs for the animal; upon which a voice, apparently proceeding from the pig, shrilly protested that he was not worth five francs. A scandalised and horrified *garde-champêtre* who was standing by pronounced Comte to be a sorcerer, and hurried him, the pig, and the peasant woman, before the nearest magistrate. Arrived in the presence of that functionary, the pig, to all seeming, exclaimed in excellent French that he was happy to have an opportunity to express his admiration for so accomplished a ventriloquist as Signor Comte. Of course the mystery was cleared up; the liberated *physicien* gave a gratuitous entertainment of ventriloquism and legerdemain to the villagers; and the magistrate bought the pig which—hapless actor in an otherwise joyous drama!—was killed, cut up, and salted down next day.

Comte's first theatre was at the Hôtel des Fermes, Rue de Grenelle St. Honoré. Thence he removed to the Passage des Panoramas, and ultimately to the Passage Choiseul. At first, his troupe consisted of mere children; but eventually no actor under sixteen, and no actress under fifteen was allowed to perform. I have a lively remembrance of the pretty, innocent little playhouse. Some time in the winter of 1839, my schoolmaster—*marchand de soupe* we used to call him—conducted all his boys to the theatre in the Passage Choiseul. He took the entire pit for the occasion. We went in great state, escorted by a squad of under-ushers or *pions*. I remember the names of three schoolfellows who were my immediate neighbours. They were Jaime, Dumanoir, and Alexandre Dumas, all sons of dramatic authors, and one of whom, at least, became as famous as his sire.

Mem.: The performance at the Théâtre Comte, A.D. 1839, was admirably decorous but slightly dull. It was something about Frederick the Great and his page. More than twenty years afterwards I found myself again at the tiny playhouse in the Passage Choiseul. The little theatre had been transformed into the Bouffes Parisiens. The Second Empire was at its wildest and wickedest then; and the performance at the Bouffes was not dull. Assuredly it was not decorous. *Autres temps autres mœurs*.

There is nothing new under the sun. With reference to the Louisianian negro-patois song, a portion of which I quoted last week, "C. S." (Great Winchester-street) courteously forwards me an extract from a "Minho" (north of Portugal) love-song, curiously akin in its figurativeness to the Louisianian lyric. I shrink from printing the Portuguese; for of Lusitanian I have none, and I might blunder in transcribing it; but here is an English translation of the most touching of the stanzas:—

O lovely one of my eyes! Sweet as the summer cabbage, Beautiful as the flowers. . . . She says that she loves me as the pig loves the mud; the sun the humming-birds.

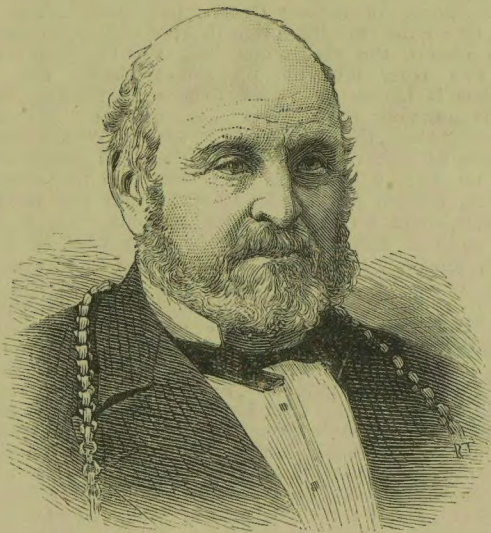
Summer cabbages, pigs and mud. Not very refined subjects for imagery, truly. Yet here they are redolent of loyalty and sincerity and devotion. Bless the honest, truthful business of sweetheating! It is the same in spirit—what are mere words?—all over the world, and always has been.

The poet is King; but the bard of the *Morning Post* has not been allowed to have it all his own way in singing the praises of the British House of Peers. In the *Pall Mall Gazette* of Tuesday, Aug. 19, and from the Radical side of the hedge, an acknowledged monarch of rhyme, Mr. Algernon Charles Swinburne, sweeps a furious lyre; and in a lyric, entitled "Clear the Way," prophesies the most alarming things about the Peers. May the *polemos* continue! You at him, Mr. Alfred Austin! Is your fiery muse dumb, Mr. Clement Scott? Did you not write "Here Stands a Post?" Cry havoc and let slip the dogs of war! But only of poetical war, mind. Who knows but that the continuance of the rhythmic conflict may at length arouse the Achilles of poetic politics—the Great Macdermott himself? G. A. S.



BUSINESS AND PLEASURE.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S VISIT TO THE TYNE.



MR. JOHN HEDLEY, MAYOR OF TYNEMOUTH.



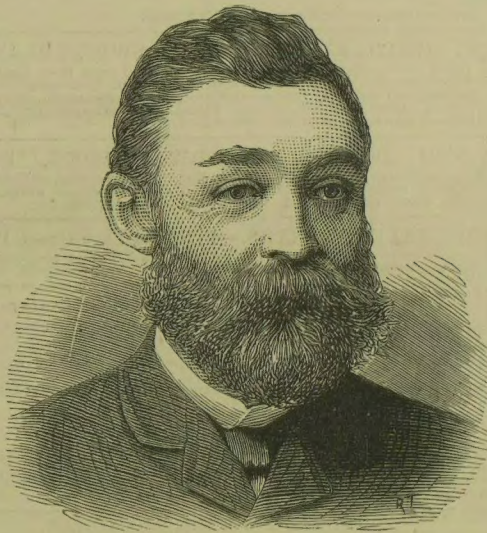
SIR WILLIAM ARMSTRONG, C.B., F.R.S.

MR. J. C. STEVENSON, M.P.,
CHAIRMAN OF THE TYNE IMPROVEMENT COMMISSIONERS.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, with their young sons and daughters, arrived on Tuesday evening at Crag-side, Rothbury, in Northumberland, the country-house of Sir William Armstrong; a View of which appeared in our last, with many Illustrations of Newcastle and the Tyne. On Wednesday, their Royal Highnesses went to Newcastle, to perform several interesting public ceremonial acts; the opening of the new park at Jesmond Dene, given to the people by Sir W. Armstrong; the opening of the new Museum of the Natural History Society of Northumberland, Durham, and Newcastle-on-Tyne; and that of the Reference Library in connection with the Newcastle Public Library. The Prince and Princess, accompanied from Rothbury by their host, Sir W. Armstrong, were received by the Mayor and Corporation at the Central Railway Station, and were escorted in procession through the town. In the new Armstrong Park the Princess planted a memorial tree; and, after the other ceremonials at the Museum and the Library, they partook of a grand luncheon at St. George's Hall, with a company of eight hundred guests. The town was splendidly illuminated at night, when the Royal party returned to Crag-side. On Thursday, they were again to come to Newcastle, and to meet the Chairman and members of the Board of Tyne Improvement Commissioners on the Corporation Quay, where they would embark in a steamer, and go down the river, escorted by a procession of twenty-five other steamers, to open the new dock at Coble Dene, near the mouth of the Tyne, opposite South Shields. The name of the Albert Dock will be given to it, in honour of the Prince of Wales. After lunching in a pavilion, and viewing the docks, the harbour, and the piers, their Royal Highnesses would visit Tynemouth, being received by the Mayor and Corporation of that town, and would see the interesting features of its neighbourhood; and would then return with Sir William Armstrong to his own residence, which is at some distance from Newcastle.

The Armstrong Public Park, as it will henceforth be called, the gift of Sir William to the town, consists of the picturesque wooded vale of Jesmond Dene, with its stream flowing between rocky banks, the naturally romantic aspect of which is not spoilt by the devices of landscape-gardening; and of several additions to the grounds, from time to time, portions of Balmer Wood and Heaton Park, with an ancient ruin called King John's Palace. Sir W. Armstrong purchased Jesmond Dene some twenty-three years ago. It formerly belonged to Sir Matthew White Ridley, who was member of Parliament for Newcastle a great many years; but it had since become a wild and waste place, in which gipsies and vagrants set up their wandering tents. Sir William purchased the land in this condition, and resolved to lay it out as a pleasure-ground, determined, however, strictly to adhere to the idea of not subverting the natural wildness of the spot. Therefore, in making over the land as a gift to the city, one of the conditions stipulated by Sir William was "not to alter the laying-out of the grounds in a manner to

render them more artificial than at present." The inhabitants of Newcastle and neighbourhood have at all times had access to the grounds upon the payment of a nominal sum, which was given to the Infirmary, Sir William and Lady

MR. R. URWIN,
SECRETARY TO THE TYNE IMPROVEMENT COMMISSIONERS.

Armstrong never contemplating that the lovely dell they had created should be reserved for their own exclusive pleasure or that of their immediate friends. The pretty banquetting-hall, with its pictures and organ, has also been liberally placed at the service of every worthy cause for assemblies and picnics, so that Jesmond Dene has long been a familiar and charming spot to the people of Newcastle. It abounds in fine walks, bridges, dingles, heavy-foliaged trees, and masses of flowers; the old mill with its fall, the grotto, and the sequestered nooks and retreats having peculiar attractions. It was known that Sir William had long cherished the idea of making over the Dene to the Corporation, reserving control over it only during his and Lady Armstrong's lifetime. This intention he made public in a letter addressed to the Mayor on Feb. 5, 1883, which was read to the Council, and received by them and the inhabitants generally with gratitude and pleasure. The generous donor also added that the Corporation were not to be at the expense of maintaining the grounds so long as he lived. Two months later he further gave a field of fourteen acres adjoining the Dene to be used for popular gatherings and amusements. Other plots of grounds to the east and west of the chief gift were also presented, Sir William requesting the Council to make additional entrances and a carriage drive round the eastern boundary. In accepting this generous gift, the Corporation agreed, in recognition of the donor, to give the name of the Armstrong Park to the whole of the demesne that now forms the finest public pleasure-ground in the neighbourhood.

The new dock at Coble Dene, near Tynemouth, has a water area of twenty-four acres, and in connection with the two docks there is land to the extent of 273 acres for standage and storage. On the sill the depth is 30 ft. at high-water spring tides—a greater depth than any other dock on the east coast. In length the quay is about 3000 ft., and the wall dividing it from the river has been constructed so as to give 1500 ft. of quay on the river side. Sidings from the North-Eastern Railway are made to the dock, where there are about thirteen miles of rail for the accommodation of traffic. A

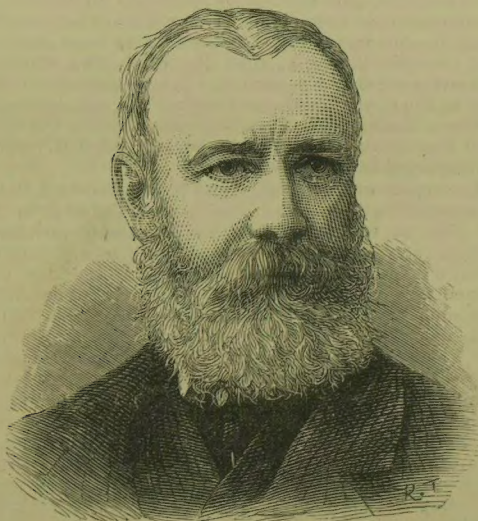
large staith has been constructed, on each side of which are four spouts for loading coal. One vessel 400 ft. long, or two of 250 ft. length each, can be berthed at each side of the staith, and coal shipped at the rate of 800 to 1000 tons per hour. At the west side of the dock a warehouse capable of storing 40,000 quarters of grain has been erected, and it is fitted up with hydraulic appliances of the most improved description. The gates are opened and closed by the same power, the machinery for which has been made by Messrs. Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co., of Elswick. If required, the dock can

be enlarged by the addition of twenty acres further inland. Its construction is intended to develop the import trade of the Tyne, and has cost three quarters of a million.

This is but one of the great and useful works of the Tyne Improvement Commissioners, described in our Journal a week or two since; and we now present the Portraits of the Chairman, Mr. James Cochrane Stevenson, M.P. for South Shields, who is a chemical manufacturer, a native of Glasgow; the Chief Engineer, Mr. Philip J. Messent, and the late Mr. John F. Ure, formerly Chief Acting Engineer and latterly Consulting Engineer, who died in May, 1883; and the Secretary, Mr. Robert Urwin. The navigation and trade of the Tyne have been wonderfully improved in the past thirty years. The total registered tonnage of the vessels clearing outwards from the port in 1883 was 6,250,000 tons. In the same year the exports of coal and coke were 9,599,421 tons—the largest shipment in any port of the world. Of £4,000,000 which the Commissioners had power to borrow, there remains only £150,000 to spend. In its first year of existence, 1853, the revenue of the commission was £19,300; in 1860 it increased to £73,700; and in 1883 the amount was £276,437.

Sir William George Armstrong, C.B., F.R.S., is a son of the late Alderman William Armstrong, merchant, of Newcastle. He was born in 1810, and was educated as a solicitor, but had a stronger taste and genius for scientific studies. He invented the hydro-electrical machine, the hydraulic crane, the "accumulator," for gaining increased hydraulic power without greater altitude, and a variety of machinery for its practical application to different uses. He founded the Elswick Engine Works, a short distance from Newcastle; and in December, 1854, when the siege of Sebastopol proved the comparative inefficiency of our old smooth-bore military ordnance, he invented the Armstrong rifled muzzle-loading gun. It was, after some delay, adopted by the War Office, and Mr. Armstrong was knighted, and appointed Engineer of Rifled Ordnance to the Government. He resigned that appointment in 1863. He was President of the British Association in that year.

Our Views of Shields Harbour, and of Tynemouth, with its Priory ruins, its Lighthouse, and the North Pier at the entrance to the river, and the Portrait of the Mayor, who would bid the Prince and Princess welcome to Tynemouth, conclude the list of Tyne Illustrations for this week. There may be something more of Newcastle in our next.

MR. P. J. MESSENT, C.E.,
ENGINEER OF THE TYNE IMPROVEMENT COMMISSIONERS.MR. J. F. URE, C.E.,
LATE ENGINEER OF THE TYNE IMPROVEMENT COMMISSIONERS.

EXEMPTION OF PARIS FROM CHOLERA.

As some considerable hesitation exists in the mind of the public that France in general, and Paris in particular, have been rendered unhealthy and dangerous to pass through in consequence of the presence of cholera at Toulon and Marseilles, our Continental representative waited on the Préfet de la Seine, in order to obtain official and reliable information as to the rumours which have been so freely circulated concerning the supposed existence of the epidemic in Paris, and we have much pleasure in placing before our readers the following translation of a letter from the Chef du Cabinet of the Préfet de la Seine, which cannot but dismiss the fears which have prevailed to the contrary:—

Cabinet du Préfet de la Seine,
Paris, Aug. 12, 1884.

TO THE CONTINENTAL DIRECTOR, ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

Sir,—You have manifested a desire to be exactly informed, for the purposes of your estimable Journal, as to the sanitary state of Paris with respect to the cholera epidemic.

You can assure your readers in all sincerity that there has not been, neither is there any case of cholera in Paris. The state of the public health is excellent.

Receive the assurance of my most distinguished consideration.

(Signed) WEILLER, Chef du Cabinet.

We must observe that in Paris every reasonable security appears to have been taken against the probable outbreak of the epidemic, owing to the remarkable hygienic arrangements resorted to; and, as cleanliness is the mightiest enemy to the spread of cholera, it will in all probability be stifled here.

Paris is more healthy than before, and the death-rate is proportionally lower than any other large city in Europe, and has never been so low since 1866.

Statistics for the first week in August, 1884, prove that out of a population of over 2,238,000 inhabitants, only 971 deaths were registered.

There is one great and important fact connected with the cholera stride in France, which has on this, as on previous occasions, remained true to its previous course, coming from the East, and pursuing its course to the West. It still hangs over the Mediterranean regions, having completely disregarded going to the eastward or south, and spared the health resorts Cannes, Nice, and Mentone, and is now hovering over some towns and isolated rural districts, owing, apparently, to the negligence of sanitary precautions and prompt medical assistance, both of which appear to have been shamefully overlooked.

Having remarked that the cholera moves from east to west, it will be as well to observe that on two or three occasions when Paris was visited during the last century, it was always imported from ports on the north coast of France or Germany.

The foregoing facts are fully confirmed by the members of the medical profession who have visited the infected cities. At present there is absolutely nothing to be alarmed at, and but little probability of an outbreak.

The following list of First-Class Hotels is particularly recommended to the notice of intending travellers to Paris, forming as they do some of the best first-class establishments, and possessing all the requirements of pure air, a plentiful supply of water, and perfect hygienic appliances on the most approved London systems.

The Proprietors of these Hotels are known to devote their earnest attention to the care and comfort of their visitors, and are, by reason of their experience, acquired by a long residence in England, cognisant of those requirements. Each Hotel possesses large and small apartments, and there is a patent Safety Lift to each, and English is spoken.

HOTEL CONTINENTAL,

3, RUE CASTIGLIONE, 3, PARIS.

and Rue de Rivoli, facing the "Jardin des Tuilleries."

600 Rooms and Saloons,

from 5 francs to 35 francs per day.

Table d'Hôte, 7 francs (Wine included).

Breakfast served at separate tables, 5 francs (Wine included).

"Café Divan," Billiards, and "Café Terrasse."

Winter garden,

Conversation and Music Saloon.

Bath-Rooms, &c., for Hydrotherapy.

Three Lifts, communicating with each floor, for the use of Visitors

up to One o'clock in the morning.

Post and Telegraph Offices.

HOTEL WINDSOR,

226, RUE DE RIVOLI.

This old-established first-class Hotel,

situated in the finest and healthiest part of Paris,

opposite the Tuilleries Garden,

has been entirely altered and improved

(One Hundred Rooms)

under a new proprietor,

formerly director of the Hotel Amiral.

There have been added now a Table d'Hôte.

Hydraulic lift.

Reading, Smoking, and Bath Rooms.

Arrangements for the winter.

English, American, and German papers.

HENRY SCHNEIDER, Proprietor.

HOTEL WESTMINSTER,

RUE DE LA PAIX,

PARIS.

In the centre of Paris.

One of the

most Aristocratic and Renowned Hotels.

Long known to the

English Society and Gentry.

Despite its gay position,

it is perfectly quiet

and retired from the thoroughfare.

Everything calculated to make a sojourn agreeable.

Lift.

English spoken.

Close to Opera and Boulevards.

SPLENDID HOTEL.

Finest position in Paris,

corner of Rue de la Paix,

facing the Grand Opera House

and Boulevards.

Lift.

Reasonable charges.

Reduced price for Winter Season.

Arrangements for Families.

Finest situation in Paris.

A. EMBRENO,

Same Proprietor, Hôtel des Roches Noires, Trouville.

GRAND HOTEL DE LA PLACE DU PALAIS ROYAL

(ci-devant des Trois Empereurs).

MURCH and GRADON, Proprietors.

170, RUE DE RIVOLI, 170,

PARIS.

Fronting the place of the Palais Royal and the Louvre,

in the vicinity of the Tuilleries, Champs-Élysées, Theatres, and Place de la Bourse.

Large and Small Apartments at various prices.

Sitting-rooms. Very handsome Dining-room.

Table d'Hôte at Six o'clock. Breakfasts and Dinners in Private Rooms.

Conversation and Reading Saloons. French and Foreign Newspapers.

Lift.

Central Station of Omnibuses.

Couch Stand. Vehicles of all kinds.

Attendants speaking all languages.

GRAND HOTEL MEURICE,

228, RUE DE RIVOLI

(opposite the renowned Tuilleries Gardens).

A very Superior Hotel

of old celebrity,

and recommended by

English and American

families of distinction.

35 Sitting and 170 Bed Rooms.

Table d'Hôte.

Restaurant à la Carte.

Private dinners at fixed prices.

Parlour, Reading, Smoking, and Bath Rooms.

Lift.

H. SCHNEIDER, Proprietor.

BIRTH.

On the 4th inst., at Frankfurt-on-Main, the wife of R. S. Lindley, Esq., C.E., of a son.

MARRIAGE.

On the 12th inst., at East Tytherley Church, Hants, by the Rev. Henry Fortescue, great-uncle of the bride, assisted by the Rev. William Loftus, Incumbent, Charles William Selwyn, Esq., Lieutenant Royal Horse Guards, eldest son of the late Right Hon. Sir Charles Jasper Selwyn, Judge of Appeal in Chancery, to Isabella Constance, second daughter of F. G. Dalgety, Esq., of Lockerley Hall, Hants.

* * The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.

BRIGHTON.—Cheap Day Tickets every Weekday.

From Victoria 10.0 a.m., Fare 12s. 6d., including Pullman Car. Cheap Half Guinea First Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Saturday, from Victoria and London Bridge, admitting to the Grand Aquarium and Royal Pavilion. Cheap First Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Sunday from Victoria at 10.45 a.m. and 12.50 p.m. Fare, 10s.

HASTINGS, ST. LEONARDS, and EASTBOURNE.

Cheap Day Return Tickets issued daily by Fast Trains from London Bridge, Weekdays 10.10 a.m., and Sundays 9.30 a.m., calling at East Croydon.

From Victoria, Weekdays 9.55 a.m., and Sundays 9.20 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction.

From Kensington (Addison-road), Weekdays 9.40 a.m., and Sundays 9.10 a.m. Fares, 10s., 11s. 6d., and 6s.

PARIS.—SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE.—Via

NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN.

EXPRESS DAY SERVICE EVERY WEEKDAY AS UNDER:—

Victoria Station. London Bridge Station. Paris.

Saturday, Aug. 23, Dep. 8.45 a.m. Arr. 8.50 a.m. Arr. 6.40 p.m.

Monday, " 25 " 8.45 " " 8.50 " " 6.40 "

Tuesday, " 26 " 8.45 " " 8.50 " " 6.40 "

Wednesday, " 27 " 10.5 " " 10.15 " " 8.25 "

Thursday, " 28 " 10.5 " " 10.15 " " 8.25 "

Friday, " 29 " 10.5 " " 10.15 " " 8.25 "

EXPRESS NIGHT SERVICE.—From Victoria, 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge, 8.0 p.m., every Weekday and Sunday.

FARES.—London to Paris and Back. 1st Class. 2nd Class.

Available for Return within One Month. £2 15s. 6d. £1 19s. 6d.

Third Class Return Tickets (by the Night Service), 30s.

The Normandy and Brittany, Splendid Fast Paddle Steamers, accomplish the passage between Newhaven and Dieppe frequently in about 3½ hours.

A through Conductor will accompany the passengers by the Special Day Service throughout to Paris, and vice versa.

Trains run alongside Steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

TICKETS and every information at the Brighton

Company's West-End General Offices, 24, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand

Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar-square; City Office, Hay's Agency, Cornhill; Cook's

Luggage-office; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations.

(By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.—SEASIDE.—An

IMPROVED SERVICE OF FAST TRAINS is now running to YARMOUTH,

Lowestoft, Clacton-on-Sea, Walton-on-the-Naze, Harwich, Dovercourt, Aldeburgh,

Felixstowe, Southold, Hunstanton, and Cromer.

TOURIST TICKETS are issued on FRIDAY and SATURDAY (First,

Second, and Third Class) TICKETS are ISSUED, by all Trains.

Tourist Tickets are also issued from Liverpool-street by the New Route to Scar-

borough, Fife, Whitby, and the principal Tourist Stations in Scotland.

A Cheap Day Trip to the Seaside, by Excursion-Train from Liverpool-street to

Clacton-on-Sea and Harwich, on Friday, every Sunday at 8.40 a.m., and

every Monday at 7 a.m., calling at Stratford. Fares, 2s. 6d.

For full Particulars see Bills and the Company's Time Books.

London, August, 1884. WILLIAM BIRT, General Manager.

HOLIDAYS ON THE CONTINENT.—Direct Through

Service via Harwich (Parker Quay) by the GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY

COMPANY'S fast Passenger Steamers to Antwerp and Rotterdam. From London,

Liverpool-street Station, at 8 p.m., and direct through-carriages from Manchester at

3 p.m., and Doncaster at 4.48 p.m., every weekday, arriving at Antwerp and Rotterdam

the next morning.

New Cheap Circular Tours in Holland, Germany, Belgium, Switzerland, &c. Low

Through Bookings to all parts of the Continent from London and the North. For

picture-books and inexpensive Tours read the G.E.R. Co.'s Tourist Guide to the Continent,

price 6d., post-free, ed. "A Trip to the Ardennes," "Holidays in Holland,"

"The Moselle," price 1d., post, 1d. For further Particulars and Time Books (free)

address F. GODDARD, Continental Traffic Manager, Liverpool-street Station, E.C.

DOVER AND OSTEND LINE.—Accelerated conveyance

of the Travellers from London to Brussels, 9½ hours; to Cologne, 15 hours;

to Berlin, 26 hours; to Vienna, 39 hours; to Milan, via the St. Gothard, 35 hours; and

to every great City on the Continent, also to the East, via Brindisi.

Single and Return THROUGH TICKETS at very REDUCED FARES, and 50 lb.

of Luggage gratis on board of the mails.

BEDS against SEA-SICKNESS. Refreshment and dining rooms. Private Cabins,

Stewardesses, &c. Two Services daily, in correspondence with the INTERNATIONAL

MAIL, and Express-trains.

Direct German Carriages, and Sleeping-Cars.

Agencies at London, 55, Gracechurch-street; at Dover, 3, Strand-street; at Ostend;

at Brussels, Montagne de la Cour, 90A; at Cologne, Domhof 12; at Berlin, Vienna,

Milan, &c.

Daily conveyance of ordinary and specie parcels.

ST. GOTHARD RAILWAY, SWITZERLAND.—The

most direct, rapid, picturesque, and delightful route from England to Italy.

Excursions to the Rigi, by the Mountain Railway, from Arth Station, of the

St. Gothard Railway. Through-going sleeping-cars from Ostend, balcony carriages,

gas-lighted, safety continuous brakes. Tickets at all corresponding railway stations,

and at Cook's, Gaze's, and Cargill's Offices.

ANNO DOMINI, by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—This

great Work is now ON VIEW, together with Commemorative CIPHER'S Picture

of CHILDE HUNTER TO THE TOWER, and other important works, at the GAL-

ERIES, 108, New Bond-street. Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE,

completed a few days before he died, NOW ON VIEW at the DORE GALLERY,

26, New Bond-street, with his other great pictures. Ten to Six Daily. 1s.

THE PRINCE'S THEATRE, Coventry-street, W.

LIGHTED BY ELECTRICITY. Proprietor and Manager, Mr. Edgar Bruce.

EVERY EVENING, at a Quarter to Eight, the Playwright in Twenty Minutes,

called SIX AND EIGHTEEN. At a Quarter past Eight, a New Play, written by

Messrs. Hugh Conway and George C. Sayers, entitled CALLED BACK, adapted from Mr.

Hugh Conway's very successful story of that name. For cast see daily papers. New

scenery and costumes. Doors open at Half-past Seven. Carriages at Eleven. No fees.

Box-Office open daily from Eleven to Five.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.

TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS OF

THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS'

NEW PROGRAMME. All the new songs and all the new and screaming

comic sketches received with the greatest enthusiasm by houses crowded to repletion.

Return of the infinitely and justly popular comedian, Mr. G. W. MOORE.

Engagement of Mr. PETE MACK, late principal comedian of Haverly's Mastodon

Troupe, of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, whom the whole of the papers

pronounced to be the bright and particular star of the entire company.

Performances all the year round. EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT: DAY PERFORM-

ANCES EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY, at THREE, as well.

Doors open for Day Performance at 2.30; for Night ditto at 7.30. Omnibuses run

direct from the Exhibition to the doors of St. James's Hall. Prices of Admission:

1s., 2s., 3s., and 5s. No fees.

"BUSINESS AND PLEASURE."

Life at the seaside places of recreation on our coasts, in these

days of August, is dedicated to wholesome repose, if not to

seasonable indolence, by many visitors who are busy enough

in their ordinary callings at other times of the year. This

blameless inactivity is the kind of "pleasure" that appears

to suit an elderly gentleman observed sitting with his daughter

on the bench of the Marine-parade, where she seems to have

been reading to her father out of the book held open in her

hand. The youthful pair standing by the rail, and probably

doing their best to make themselves mutually agreeable to one

another, exhibit the mode of enjoying pleasure of another

kind, and we know that there is a time for all things. There

is a solitary old lady, seated on the right hand, who is

certainly aware that her time for that sort of thing passed

away long before those two young persons were born; and she

feels at least no displeasure in being permitted to slumber,

gently soothed by the soft western breeze and by the alternate

dashing and rolling sound of the summer waves. But the

old pedlar, with his box of trinkets slung by a strap to his

neck, is rather intent on "business," in the way of selling a

chain of sea-shells threaded together, a brooch cut of some

bright pebble from the beach, or any other trifling article of

the peculiar fancy were produced at Little Peddlington-on-

THE PLAYHOUSES.

Albeit the thermometer did not register 92 in the shade on Monday last, as it did on the previous Monday, the August weather was yet sufficiently tropical in its fervour to render the illuminated gardens of the "Healtheries" a more desirable resort for recreation than a close theatre. Under these atmospheric circumstances, at once appreciated will be the self-sacrifice of the Prince and Princess of Wales, who, fresh from the invigorating sea breezes of Osborne, spent the one evening during which they tarried in town at the Lyceum Theatre, accompanied by the young Princes and Princesses. There can be no doubt it was the characteristic good nature of his Royal Highness that prompted him to pay this visit to the leading playhouse. None can know better than the Prince that the extraordinary popularity of the International Health Exhibition, and the withdrawal of royal patronage from the theatres since the demise of the Duke of Albany, have combined to make the past theatrical season exceptionally dismal. Even the Lyceum has had to be content with moderate audiences. It was, therefore, beyond question for a good reason that the Prince and Princess attended Mr. Irving's theatre on Monday, and witnessed the accomplished Actor-Manager's quiet humour in the rôle of Malvolio, in the resplendent revival of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." Miss Ellen Terry was still unable to resume her fascinating part of Viola; but her graceful and talented sister, Miss Marion Terry, represented her in the character of the maiden who never told her love.

Mr. Henry Irving and the Lyceum Company will very soon be recrossing the Atlantic to fulfil a fresh series of engagements in the United States and Canada. Mr. Irving will on the present Saturday evening reappear as the murder-haunted Burgomaster in "The Bells," an impersonation of true genius; and will repeat this remarkable psychological study on Monday. "Louis XI." will occupy Tuesday and Wednesday; and Mr. Irving will revive "Richelieu" for the last night of the season, Thursday next, when Miss Ellen Terry is also expected to bow her acknowledgments to the audience for the widespread sympathy manifested towards her during her late indisposition.

The popular piece of "Relâche" (as the French "young man from the country" put it when he saw "Relâche" upon the bills of the Variétés, Odéon, and Palais Royal) is still being performed nightly at the Princess's and Opéra Comique, at the Novelty and Imperial, at the Court, Comedy, and St. James's, and likewise at Drury Lane, where Mr. Augustus Harris, however, is energetically rehearsing the wondrously spectacular and sensational drama of "The World" for early reproduction in September.

The Alhambra continues to present by far the most alluring entertainment of a light musical and terpsichorean kind since the management has sandwiched the rollicking "Black-Eyed See-usan" between the vivacious Fair Ballet and the brilliant Military Ballet. Mr. John Hollingshead relies on the same sparkling type of piece. At the architecturally-magnificent Empire Theatre, where the patronage of the "Dude" is especially courted, Mr. Hollingshead has revived Mr. F. C. Burnand's diverting burlesque of "Camaralzaman," in which Mr. Edward Terry used to be so droll and amusing at the Gaiety, and in which he has now a clever substitute in Mr. E. W. Royce. The nimble Djin has Miss Farren, Miss Phyllis Broughton, Miss Constance Gilchrist, and Mr. W. Elton associated with him in "Camaralzaman," which further boasts a bright and comely chorus. Fare of a similarly palatable sort is provided at the Gaiety itself by Mr. J. L. Shine, who fills the part of Alderman Fitzwarren with all his old jocund humour in the tuneful comic opera or extravaganza of "Dick," by Mr. Edward Jakobowski and Mr. Alfred Murray. Of this imaginative lyrical version of the story of Whittington, Miss Fanny Leslie is the life and soul, dancing and singing with all the more zest as Dick, may be, as she is engaged to play the same rôle in the Drury Lane pantomime. Embellished with the customary number of handsome and tastefully appressed choristers, "Dick" is in its revived form also capably supported by Mr. Robert Brough as a quaintly mysterious Emperor of Morocco, by Mr. Arthur Williams as a cheery Jack Joskins, and by Miss Ethel Pierson as a winsome Alice. Mr. H. Monkhouse and Mr. W. Shine add to the humours of "Dick," which well deserved reproduction.

The Princess's Theatre is to be reopened at the end of the month, when Mr. Wilson Barrett will reappear in "Claudian" and "Chatterton." Warm work! G. A. S.

NATIONAL SPORTS.

The Royal Victoria Yacht Club Regatta had two good races at Ryde, the first for the Town Cup, over the long Victoria course, which was won by Mr. J. Jamieson's cutter Irex. The second was for the Royal Victoria Yacht Club prizes, which were won—the first by Mr. W. Goff's yawl Neptune, the second by Mr. S. Lane's yawl Arethusa, and the third by Mr. H. Crawford's yawl Nixie. The Challenge Cup was sailed over for by the Genesta. At the Royal Portsmouth Corinthian Yacht Club Regatta, the Irex came in first for the Town Cup; but the handsome prize went to the Marjorie on her time allowance. The same cutter also secured the annual prize given by the Royal Victoria Yacht Club for a race round the Isle of Wight, the Neptune being second, and the Miranda third. A race promoted by the same club, which took place on Monday last, produced one of the closest finishes ever seen. Two yawls and three cutters started, and eventually the Tara came in 28 min. 15 sec. in front of the Arethusa; the latter, however, just took the first prize on her time allowance, and the Vega and the Psyche gained the third and fourth prizes respectively. The Solent Yacht Club Regatta was brought off on Tuesday, but the races were disappointing, as two were walks-over, and the others dwindled down to matches.

A new sculler has suddenly sprung into prominence in the person of John Teemer, who has defeated Wallace Ross, after a closely-contested and very fast race. His victory was, however, completely eclipsed by that of William Beach, who, on Saturday last, managed to lower the colours of the hitherto invincible Hanlan. We await details of this race with much interest, and, in the absence of any intelligence, are inclined to attribute the champion's defeat either to his having held his opponent too cheap, or to his ignorance of the very peculiar tides and currents of the Parramatta. He is quite certain not to rest until he has made every effort to regain his lost laurels, and there is a talk of the four men we have mentioned arriving together on the Thames, an event that would be a rare treat for admirers of sculling in this country.

The Australian cricketers took a short rest after their exertions in the great match against England, and then journeyed on to Cheltenham, where they met Gloucestershire. For once, M'Donnell was got rid of very easily; but Murdoch (89), Giffen (91), Bonner (53), and Scott (65), all gave an immense deal of trouble, and finally put together the fine total of 402. It was a sad blow for the county when W. G. Grace failed to score in the first innings, and only made two in the second; and, though his brother made a capital 56, the second innings of Gloucestershire was a sad failure, and the county

was beaten in a single innings with plenty to spare. Kent has beaten Derbyshire by an innings and nine runs, a result mainly due to the grand batting of Lord Harris (112), and the bowling of A. Hearne, who secured nine wickets for 91 runs.

HOLIDAY RAMBLES.

(From our Paris Correspondent.)

A NORMAN VILLAGE.

One of the charms of Etretat is that if you grow tired of the beach and the bathing, and the study of the toilets and foibles of the visitors, you can travel inland in any direction, and find some of the most charming pastoral scenery in France. The country for several miles into the interior is full of green valleys and fertile plains dotted with picturesque villages where life has remained primitive and unprogressive. The general appearance of the plains is that of a vast expanse of cultivated and pasture land; golden patches of wheat, oats, and colza; dark green squares of beetroot; flowery lawns, with cattle grazing, each animal picketed by a chain. On the hillsides here and there a flock of sheep will be seen straggling amongst the gorse and purple heather, while lower down a clump of dusky pine-trees looms up in the sunlight. Some of these valleys are very wild and impressive—I had almost said Oriental—in appearance; and, indeed, it is a curious fact that it was in the valley to the north of Etretat that Bida made many of the landscape studies which served him for his illustrations of the Bible. Perhaps this little artistic secret ought not to have been revealed, for the most able critics have always been loud in their praises of Bida's "local colour" in his eastern compositions.

As you walk along the plains, you strike at distances of every three or four miles clumps of elm-trees, and in the midst of the trees you find a village, so snugly sheltered and hedged round that from the plain scarcely a sign of a habitation is visible. In a few of these villages modern red-brick cottages have been built, but in most of them the buildings are thatched cabins and cottages dating back to the seventeenth century—long straggling buildings of timber and rubble stone, with roofs and chimneys and outhouses quaint enough to satisfy the most fastidious lover of the picturesque. Generally, the village consists of a long lane bordered by orchards, and at the end of each orchard is the cottage with a vine trailing under the eaves, and some hollyhocks and roses on one side of the door forming a flowery frame for the straw bee-hives. The cottage is composed of a large kitchen, a cider-cellar, a loom-room, and two or three closets and black holes dignified by the name of bed-rooms. The floor is unpaved earth, and the fire-place a simple brick platform, over which the pot is hung and boiled on a fire of sticks. The furniture is of the simplest kind, with the exception of the tall clock, the dressers, and the cupboards, which are often handsome and artistic, although most of the old Norman furniture has been hunted up by the insatiable Parisian bric-à-brac dealers. Still, with the dressers garnished with coarse hand-painted crockery, the walls hung with the family warming-pan and the shining copper pots and kettles, the shelf in one corner with its store of brown round loaves of bread, the wood fire and the gipsy kettle, the Norman kitchen is a most interesting scene, especially when you see in it the father and mother, the children, the chickens, the ducks, and the pigs, all taking their dinner in it together.

The Norman peasant-proprietor's life as depicted by the painter seems happy enough. We see beautiful green orchards with apple-trees bending down to the ground beneath the burden of their fruit; we admire the quaint old churns, the primitive wooden ploughs, the immense long waggons drawn by five stalwart white horses; we think how amusing it must be to bake one's bread in those queer yellow ovens with their thatched roofs descending to the ground. In reality, the Norman peasant has a hard time; and men and women alike, especially the women, toil laboriously to gain their daily bread. In all the labours of the field and of the farm the women do more than their share, and while the men are taking their ease the women are busy spinning flax or weaving on looms archaic enough to figure in a museum. And all this work is done on coarse fare—bread, eggs, and beans for food, and milk and cider for drink. Meat and coffee are luxuries in which even the well-to-do indulge but rarely. When one really sees how hardly the French peasant earns his money one can understand and appreciate his economy and thrift, and the value he attaches to the five-franc pieces which he stows away in a stocking until he has enough to buy the much-coveted *titre de rente*. In one of these Norman villages the other day I saw a curious illustration of the peasant's idea of the value of money and of his lothness to spend it. Half a dozen peasants who were quite large land-holders and comparatively rich were working on the high road cleaning the ditches and repairing the macadam. These men were simply paying their taxes in labour instead of paying in money, a privilege which the Commune and the State allow those who think proper to claim it. Facts like this help to explain the enormous national money reserve to which a French Government loan never appeals in vain.

T. C.

FOREIGN NEWS.

M. Jules Grévy, the President of the French Republic, attained his seventy-first birthday yesterday week. He was elected to the office of President by the Assembly on Jan. 30, 1879.—The debate on the Revision Bill in the Versailles Congress terminated in a victory for the Government. Several amendments were defeated by large majorities, and the bill was ultimately voted by 509 to 172. In the Senate on Thursday week the credit of five million francs on account of Madagascar was adopted by 179 against 1. Last Saturday the Senate voted by 193 against 1 the credits demanded by the Government for the operations in Tonquin, and deferred the debate on the general question until after the Parliamentary recess. In the Chamber yesterday week the Government bill of supply for further expenses in Tonquin was carried by 350 votes to 152, and subsequently a vote of confidence in the Ferry Cabinet passed the House by 176 to 53. Last Saturday both Chambers were prorogued until the third week in October.—The Central Union Exhibition of Decorative Arts was opened on Thursday week in the Champs Elysées.—It was announced last Saturday that China had withdrawn her offer of an indemnity to France and declared war against her. This news, however, lacks confirmation.

The King of Spain, who was accompanied by the Queen, the Royal family, and a brilliant Court, opened a new line of railway in one of the northern provinces yesterday week. Their Majesties received a loyal welcome from the mountaineers and peasants. On Tuesday King Alfonso and Queen Christina embarked at Gijon on board the flag-ship of the ironclad fleet for a cruise of a fortnight upon the north coast of Spain. The King enjoys perfect health.

The betrothal of Miss Eva Mackay, step-daughter of the Bonanza Silver King, to Prince Colonna, has been celebrated with great pomp at the villa of her aunt, near Rome.

A human relic of Pompeii has been discovered among the ruins in an exceptionally well-preserved state. It is the full

length fossil of a man who was probably struck while in flight at the time of the destruction of the city, upwards of eighteen centuries since. The features are well defined, the mouth being slightly open, showing the teeth in both jaws; the hands are perfect, and one is supposed to have held two keys, which were found close to it, while the legs are spread out and slightly raised; the left member had, however, been broken, as the bone protruded.

On Monday the German Emperor celebrated two anniversaries—the one of the battle of St. Privat (Gravelotte), and the other of the birthday of his Imperial ally, Francis Joseph.

The Emperor of Austria entered on his fifty-fifth year last Monday. The event was celebrated in Vienna, and other parts of the Empire with religious services and popular fêtes.

The King of Denmark gave a splendid fête yesterday week to the members of the International Medical Congress, at the Christiansborg Palace. His Majesty proposed the toast of the foreign members of the Congress. Sir William Gull returned thanks. He said that never had science been entertained more royally. The Congress concluded its sittings last Saturday. It was decided by a large majority to hold the next Congress at Washington.—The Danish Rigsdag met on the 14th and 15th inst. for an extraordinary session.

The preparations for an autumn campaign in Upper Egypt have been seriously begun. Lieutenant-General Stephenson has been entrusted with the arrangements of the expedition for the relief of General Gordon. Preparations for the expedition are being pushed forward, and it is stated that it will proceed by way of the Nile to Khartoum. The Mudir of Dongola has collected a number of boats, 500 camels, and 1200 men to assist the Government steamers up the Cataracts. Five hundred more men will be ready to help in a few days. A letter from General Gordon has been received by the Mudir of Dongola reporting Khartoum as being tranquil up to the 20th ult., and asking for news of Dongola.—Sir Mahomed Sultan Pasha, late President of the Egyptian Legislative Council, died at Graz on Monday.

Anoka, a small town in Minnesota, United States, has been almost completely destroyed by fire.—The Irish National League has been holding meetings at Boston.

A despatch from Victoria, Vancouver Island, states that Coalharbour will be the terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway on the Pacific coast.

A new Ministry has been formed at Wellington by Sir Julius Vogel, and it is constituted as follows:—the Hon. R. Stout, Premier and Attorney-General; Hon. Sir Julius Vogel, Colonial Treasurer and Postmaster-General; Hon. E. Richardson, Minister of Public Works; Hon. J. MacAndrew, Secretary for Crown Lands; Hon. W. Montgomery, Colonial Secretary; Hon. J. Ballance, Minister of Native Affairs; Hon. Sir George Whitmore, Minister without portfolio. Sir Julius Vogel takes precedence of the Hon. R. Stout in the Cabinet.

HEALTH EXHIBITION AND SCHOOLS OF ART.

Of all the lessons taught by International Exhibitions none are so serviceable as those which arouse a nation to a consciousness of its shortcomings and stimulate it to speedy amendment. The Great Exhibition of 1851 was thus of immense service to this country, demonstrating the inferiority in taste and design of our art-manufactures, as compared with those of Continental States; and the International Exhibition of 1862 enabled us to make a fresh comparison more gratifying to our national pride. Now, again, although foreign countries have not sent examples of their art-manufactures, we have in the Exhibition the means of examining their methods of art-instruction and of contrasting them with our own; and we have also a most extensive and interesting display illustrative of the work and influence of our Schools of Art, showing that we are now as much in advance of 1862 as we were then in advance of 1851. This display, the importance of which is apt to be overlooked by those who are not specially interested in art-teaching, occupies the whole of the great Central Gallery, the walls being covered with the designs of students and ex-students of Art Schools, whilst the glass cases in the body of the gallery are filled with examples of their work, in ceramic and other fictile ware, in jewellery and personal ornaments, in ornamental metal-work, gold and silver plate, woven fabrics, lace, pictorial designs, etchings, lithographs, wood-engravings, and so forth—altogether a very admirable collection, well deserving of a special visit to the Exhibition, and highly creditable to the teaching and influence of the schools, which fifty years ago had no existence. At that time our manufactures were mainly dependent on foreign designers, but these have now been superseded by others of native growth. And it should be borne in mind that our schools of art have been serviceable, not only in providing the country with designers, so that the originality manifest in our workmanship may be regarded as English originality, but also in training a vast number of art-workmen, who carry to their several handicrafts the spirit of the artist, without which no design has a fair chance of adequate execution. In the Belgian and French Courts, also, may be seen examples of admirable methods of instruction, by which even little children have implanted in them some idea of design, their inventive faculties being encouraged and developed, whilst in the advanced art-schools a very high standard is attained by the draughtsman. In the Technical Institute of the City Guilds the time-studies from France are deserving of very high commendation, especially the drawings from the life; and some excellent work is sent from Karlsruhe and other German schools, especially in wood-carving, a very high standard of mechanical excellence being demanded from even the youngest students, whilst the advanced work is brought to excessive delicacy of finish. The policy adopted in France and Belgium, with respect to art-instruction, is, however, very different from that pursued at home. Abroad neither pains nor pecuniary means are spared in the education of the people, and the young have every encouragement to develop their artistic taste and ability. There is not, however, the external influence so perceptible in its effects on our home manufactures, exercised not only by those students who intend to pursue as an occupation the design or execution of art-manufactures, but also by the numerous amateurs who attend the classes, and who take with them to their homes a cultivated taste which affects all around them, and thus creates amongst the moneyed classes that demand for articles of artistic excellence without which the education of designer and of art-workman would be of but little avail, for in the absence of demand the supply would necessarily cease, and the designer, however capable, would find his occupation gone. Nothing, indeed, is wanted in England but prosperous times and assiduous attention to the work of the Schools of Art in order to bring our art-manufactures to a still higher standard of excellence than that already reached and exemplified in the Central Gallery of the International Health Exhibition.

The Company of Fishmongers have given fifty guineas towards the funds of the Hall of Residence for Women Students established at Byng-place, Gordon-square.

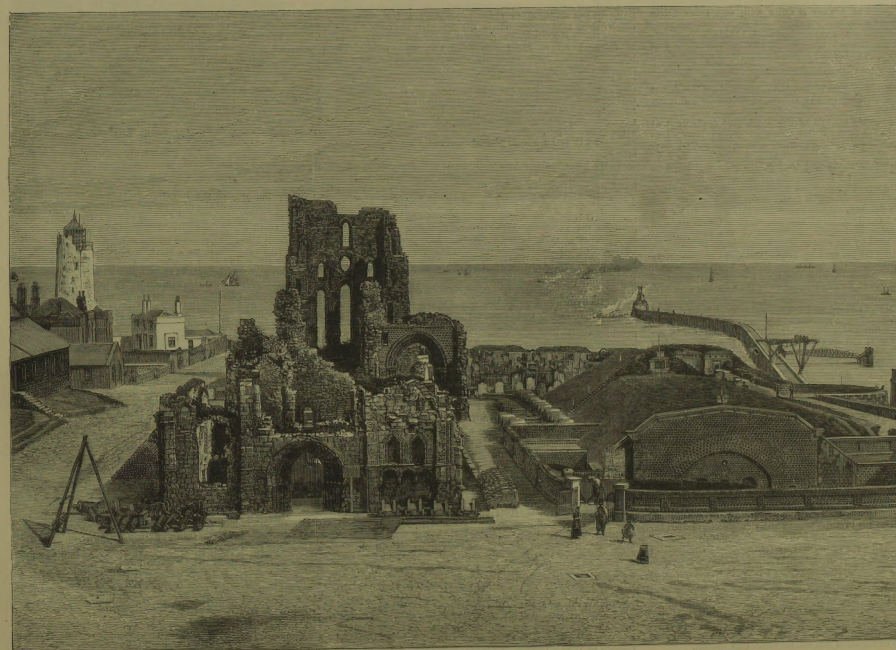
THE PRINCE OF WALES'S VISIT TO THE TYNE.



ARMSTRONG PARK, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, GIVEN TO THE PUBLIC BY SIR WILLIAM ARMSTRONG.



SHIELDS HARBOUR.



TYNEMOUTH PRIORY, LIGHTHOUSE AND NORTH PIER.

THE COURT.

Her Majesty has taken drives nearly every day, being generally accompanied by Princess Beatrice. Sir Frederick Leighton, President of the Royal Academy, with Mr. Eaton, secretary, had an audience of her Majesty on the 13th inst., and laid before the Queen the proceedings of the Council of the Royal Academy. On the 14th inst. the Duchess of Edinburgh left Osborne. The Dowager Marchioness of Ely went to London to inquire in the Queen's name after the Duchess of Wellington, and to convey her Majesty's expression of sympathy on the sudden death of the Duke. The Prince and Princess of Wales and Prince George of Wales, the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany and Princess Victoria of Prussia, and Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg dined with her Majesty. Last Saturday the Queen presented new colours to the 1st Battalion of the Seaforth Highlanders (Ross-shire Buffs, Duke of Albany's), of the 3rd Battalion of which regiment the late Duke of Albany was Colonel. The Queen drove to the parade, which was held in the grounds at Osborne, with the Princess of Wales and the Crown Princess of Germany. Princess Beatrice, Princess Louis of Battenberg, Princess Louise of Wales, and Princess Victoria of Prussia followed in a second carriage. The Prince of Wales, the German Crown Prince, Prince George of Wales, Prince Louis of Battenberg, and Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar met the Queen at the saluting flag. The Queen, after presenting the colours, addressed the regiment as follows:—

It is with feelings of deep emotion that I present you to-day with these new colours, as I cannot forget that had it not been for the great loss which we have all sustained my dear son, or else his wife, the Duchess of Albany, would have performed this duty. From the day when your regiment first assembled on the hillsides of Ross-shire till now, when I see in the ranks before me the men who upheld the honour of the country in Afghanistan and in Egypt, the Seaforth Highlanders have ever justified their motto, "Cuidich 'n Rìgh;" and convinced of your devotion to your Queen and country, I confidently intrust these colours to your charge. I cannot conclude without alluding to the mournful but honourable duty you performed a few months ago, when you bore my beloved son's earthly remains to their last resting-place, a service which will ever be gratefully remembered by me.

The Queen, the Crown Princess of Germany, and the Princesses Victoria, Sophie, and Margaret of Prussia, Princess Beatrice and Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg, and the members of the Royal Household attended Divine service at Osborne on Sunday morning. The Very Rev. the Dean of Windsor officiated. The Prince and Princess of Wales visited the Queen; and Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar and the Countess of Dornberg dined with her Majesty. The Dean of Windsor had the honour of being invited.—Envoys from King John of Abyssinia to the Queen have arrived in England, bearing presents to her Majesty from the African monarch. The gifts include an elephant and a monkey.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by Prince George and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, returned to London on Monday from the Royal yacht Osborne at Cowes. On their way to London they stopped at Claremont and lunched with the Duchess of Albany. Prince Albert Victor arrived at Marlborough House in the morning from Heidelberg, and joined their Royal Highnesses at Claremont. In the evening the Prince and Princess and Princes Albert Victor and George visited the Lyceum Theatre. On Tuesday their Royal Highness, with their sons and daughters, left London on a visit to Sir William and Lady Armstrong at Cragside, near Newcastle-on-Tyne. The doings of the Prince and Princess at Newcastle are reported in another portion of this Paper.

The Duchess of Edinburgh has gone to Birkhall, the Highland residence of the Prince of Wales, where her children have been staying during the summer. Her Royal Highness will reside at Birkhall till the arrival of the Duke of Edinburgh, who is expected about the end of September.

The Duchess of Albany is quite well, and takes drives daily. Her infant is doing well.

The King of Sweden and Norway visited Madame Tussaud's Exhibition on Monday afternoon. His Majesty arrived at Queenborough in the evening, and proceeded to Flushing.

Sir Watkin Williams-Wynn, M.P., presided on Monday at the opening meeting of the Cambrian Archaeological Association at Bala.

The past week's arrivals of live stock and fresh meat at Liverpool from American and Canadian ports amounted to 1639 cattle, 2032 sheep, 7109 quarters of beef, and 350 carcasses of mutton.

Last week 2579 births and 1634 deaths were registered in London. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 145 below, whereas the deaths exceeded by 67, the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years.

A bazaar has been held at Folkestone this week, under the patronage of the Duchess of Edinburgh, Earl Granville, and Lord and Lady Folkestone, on behalf of the Convalescent Hospital worked by the Clewer sisters.

The polling for the vacancy in the Ross and Cromarty constituency, caused by the retirement of Sir A. Matheson (L.), took place on Tuesday, with the result of Mr. M. Ferguson (L.) being chosen by a majority of more than double over Mr. Mackenzie, the Conservative candidate.

Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co. yesterday week inaugurated their new warehouse, Oriel House, Farringdon-street, with an exhibition of Christmas and other commemorative cards, including the works of Mr. H. Stacy Marks, R.A., Mr. Marcus Stone, R.A., and Miss Kate Greenaway.

Preparatory to their departure on Wednesday evening for New Zealand, the King of the Maoris and his Chiefs paid a visit to the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House on Tuesday, and expressed their gratitude for the acts of kindness shown them in this country.

The School of Art recently presented by Mr. A. Sidney Cooper, R.A., to the Mayor and Dean of Canterbury, in trust for the city, is undergoing extensive reconstruction in accordance with plans from the South Kensington Science and Art Department.

Five thousand volunteers who have been in camp at Aldershot joined the available troops stationed there in extensive military manoeuvres yesterday week. Lieut.-General Sir Archibald Alison and many other distinguished officers were present. The troops were divided into attacking and defending forces, and the evolutions they were engaged in lasted for several hours. Last Saturday the volunteers returned home.

A diamond of 457 carats has, it is reported, been shipped from South Africa and sold by a London firm to a syndicate of diamond merchants. The colour equals, if not excels, that of the finest India diamonds, and in the opinion of competent judges it will be cut to a perfect and lustrous brilliant. In drop shape it will weigh as nearly as can be estimated about 220 carats, or in lozenge shape, briolette, about 300 carats. The brilliant will therefore exceed in weight all the historical diamonds. In size, colour, purity, and quality it is expected to prove to be the most marvellous stone ever known.

NEW BOOKS.

The interest of some books is almost wholly personal. We care less for the facts they record than for the character they reveal. This is, for the most part, the kind of interest that attaches to *General Gordon's Letters from the Crimea, the Danube, and Armenia: Aug. 18, 1854, to Nov. 17, 1858*, edited by Demetrius C. Boulger (Chapman and Hall). These letters show that General Gordon displayed in early life many of the fine qualities which have made him famous in later years—fearlessness, patience, untiring energy, an abiding sense of duty. As an engineer he was present at the siege of Sebastopol, and it is noteworthy that the young Englishman gives warm praise to his friendly French rivals. "The non-commissioned officers," he writes, "are much more intelligent than our men. With us, although our men are not stupid, the officers have to do a good deal of work which the French sapper non-commissioned officer does." Man has been described as a fighting animal, and, writing in 1856, young Gordon says:—"I expect I shall remain abroad for three or four years, which, individually, I would sooner spend in war than peace. There is something indescribably exciting in the former." After the fall of Sebastopol, Gordon was sent with a brother officer to Bessarabia, to trace the new frontier line. There he found travelling very cheap, and posted eighty miles with three horses for "something under £1." Before the work was finished the English engineers had made upwards of one hundred plans. "For my part," says Gordon, "I have had enough of them for my whole life." But his labour of this kind was by no means concluded, and he was dispatched, under the present Governor of Gibraltar, to mark out the Asiatic boundary. He assisted in the survey of Kars, and attempted the ascent of Great Ararat, but was forced to descend before reaching the summit. He was more fortunate in scaling Alagos, a mountain 13,480 feet above the sea. The descent was easy, for, sitting on the snow, he was able to slide down upwards of 3000 feet in two minutes. "A Russian doctor," Gordon writes, "tried it after me, and in trying to change his direction was turned round, and went to the bottom, sometimes head foremost. He was not a bit hurt." It is significant that in the letter from Constantinople, with which the volume closes, the writer says:—"I do not feel at all inclined to settle in England and be employed in any sedentary way." The book should be read by every one who is interested—and what Englishman is not—in the career of this distinguished man.

It is always pleasant and profitable to make acquaintance with such a work as *Across the Pampas and the Andes*: by Robert Crawford, M.A. (Longmans), written as it is written, illustrated as it is illustrated, furnished, as it is, with useful map, index, and appendix, though a dozen years may have elapsed since the survey which caused the book to be thought of as undertaken. For such duties as the author, who was the head of a surveying expedition, had to perform are always interesting to read about, and so are the adventures and experiences which his discharge of those duties gave him the opportunity or brought upon him the necessity of encountering. Moreover, he has done what he could "to bring the information down to the present time," though his own record must be referred to a date as far back as 1871-2. But obviously this chronological fact is a matter of supreme indifference when the traveller's remarks apply, as in the present instance they generally do, to a state of things which cannot possibly, or at any rate very probably, be affected by a lapse of a dozen, or even a hundred years. The Andes, for example, cannot have altered much in height or any other respect since the author was there; and the curious story he tells about the black vulture, which he winged, which nevertheless showed such an incomprehensible inclination to force its company upon both man and beast, to the great disturbance of the latter's equanimity, does not depend at all for its interest upon a question of years. Nor is it probable that vultures in the region traversed by the author have acquired in these latter days a less offensive odour than that which made the friendly or rather contemptuous vulture's presence as difficult to get rid of as to endure; for to expel him from the place into which he intruded, it was necessary to approach him, and to approach him was to have more smell. Whether it was the smell that made the horse under whose abdomen the vulture sought refuge to kick and plunge so violently, it is impossible to say without the horse's own statement; and that is not forthcoming. All such little anecdotes, however, bearing upon the curiosities of natural history, give a charm of their own to a straightforward narrative. The business-like part of the book—and it is no small part—is naturally relegated to the appendix.

It is a boon in these days to the reviewer of novels to come upon a story that is at once pure in tone, fresh in the mode of handling, and true to nature in the delineation of character. These virtues belong to Miss Sarah Tytler's latest fiction, *St. Mungo's City* (Chatto and Windus). Let us not be misunderstood. It is not a first-rate novel. Neither in the character sketches nor in the plot does it bear the mark of a powerful imagination or of a subtle intellect. And it is not wholly free from the deadly fault of padding, due, no doubt, to the notion, so dear to publishers, so unfortunate for readers, that a novel to be successful must be extended to three volumes. But in spite of deficiencies and defects, "St. Mungo's City" is a tale "worthy the reading." As a picture of Glasgow life and in its indications of the manner in which the old is giving way to the new, the verisimilitude is noteworthy. The three quaint sisters Mackinnon, Glasgow gentlewomen proud of their gentility while silently bearing the extreme of poverty, are no lay figures, and the family of the Drysdals, on whose fortunes the main interest of the story hangs, are far from shadowy representations. Auld Tam Drysdale displays the ludicrous faults of the man who, by natural energy but without education, has risen from a homely position to great wealth; but his merits, like those of his cheery, lovable wife, Eppie, make the surface faults of his character insignificant. When trouble comes to others he behaves nobly, and when a sore temptation overtakes him in the dread of having to give up all he has laboured for and won, the sterling principles of the man keep him in the right way. To test his wife and his lovely little daughter, Eppie the younger, whose beauty has bewitched a baronet, he carries them off on a sail to the western isles, and asks his "joe" how she would like to go back to the beginning, "with a room or two and no sae muckle as a servant lass?" "Fine, Tam, I would like it; real fine!" exclaimed Eppie, with honest readiness and gladness. "I dinna pretend that I'm as soople as when I was young, . . . but to have you all to mysel' again; to cook for you, to mend for you, and to keep all richt and ticht for you without any help—I could do it as well as ever, and proud to do it, my lad! It would make up for a gude wheen losses." We must not stay to tell how Tam tries also his little Eppie, and hints that she may have to give up her lover. The faithful young heart is sure he will never give her up, and—but we are not going to tell the story—she probably knew most about the matter. "A young lassie's heart," said her mother on one occasion, "is like the kirk itself, no to be lightly entered." But we see enough of it to love this "winsome wee thing," who gives a

charm to the story. Her elder sister, Clary, too, is very attractive in her own way, and does not show a sign of jealousy at the apparently good fortune of her little sister when Sir Hugo is caught by her fair face. We have said enough, perhaps, to show that "St. Mungo's City" is worthy of Miss Tytler's reputation. The style shows no signs of hasty composition; but why does the writer think it necessary to explain the meaning of the simplest Scottish words, not even excepting "Dominie" and "daft"? We can assure her that the English men and women who read her novel are acquainted with Sir Walter Scott, and have even heard of Robert Burns.

An anonymous writer has published, under the title *Obiter Dicta* (Elliot Stock), seven suggestive and partly humorous essays, which may be praised for originality and freshness of style. His subjects have not the charm of novelty. One of the papers is on Carlyle, another on Mr. Robert Browning, a third on actors. Under the title of "A Rogue's Memoirs," Cellini's autobiography is discussed; there is an essay on "The Viâ Media," and another on "Falstaff." The author is a hero-worshipper of Carlyle and Browning. The Chelsea philosopher is, in his opinion, the best type of the man of letters England has produced since the days of Johnson. His combination of mysticism with realism is said to be as charming as it is rare; as an historian, Carlyle is ranked with Gibbon; as a critic, he is placed in the front rank; as a storyteller, where it is asked, is the equal of the man who has told us the story of "The Diamond Necklace"? and as a poet, the author writes—"There are passages in 'Sartor Resartus' and the 'French Revolution' which have long appeared to me to be the sublimest poetry of the century." He adds that Mr. Justice Stephen has called Carlyle the greatest poet of the age. Mr. Stephen is a masterly writer in his own department, but we do not know that there is any special value in his judgments on things poetical. In any case, we hold, in this instance, that both he and the anonymous essayist are mistaken. Verse is as essential to the poet as harmony to the musical composer. It is possible, unfortunately, to write verse that is not poetry, but it is impossible to write poetry without rhythm. A man may produce prose teeming with imagination, as Carlyle often did, as Mr. Ruskin does, and yet lack the divine gift of song, which is the peculiar heritage of the poet. The writer is severe on Mr. Froude, and says that he ought to have read portions of the "Reminiscences" in tears and burnt them in fire. There is no poet who has more ardent admirers and (shall we say it?) critics of calmer judgment than Mr. Browning. Of many men he fails to stir the pulses, but when he does stir them enthusiasm is boundless. It must be allowed that life is short and Mr. Browning long, his "Ring and the Book" alone containing more than 2000 lines in excess of Pope's translation of the "Iliad," while his works, apart from this *magnum opus*, fill a score of volumes. On the other hand, his wealth of humour, of fancy, of insight into character, of dramatic power, prove that in this poet originality goes hand in hand with fecundity; yet we may be allowed to question the assertion "that no other English poet living or dead, Shakespeare excepted, has so heaped up human interest for his readers as has Robert Browning." We may add that the essayist, though full of ability, sometimes talks nonsense, as, for instance, when he speaks of "the dropsical dramas of Sir H. Taylor."

The progress of great cities is rapidly curtailing even suburban gardens, and daily bringing us closer to bricks and mortar. The poor who love flowers, and many who, if not exactly poor, are painfully limited in income, have to be satisfied with the plants they can produce on their window-sills. *Modern Window-Gardening, Treated under Aspects North, South, East, and West*, by Samuel Wood (Houlston and Sons), is a practical and serviceable manual, free from superfluous words, and containing advice expressed so clearly that the youngest amateur gardener can follow it without difficulty. We may add that the little volume contains much useful information also on the management of small gardens.

A poet seems especially to demand the dainty taste of his publisher and the best craft of the paper-maker and printer. Of Messrs. Macmillan's new edition of *The Works of Alfred Lord Tennyson, Poet Laureate*, which will be completed in seven volumes, we have now received three. They are worthy of the house and of the poet, but not equal, perhaps, in point of beauty to the "author's edition," published by Messrs. Kegan Paul and Co. Tastes differ, however; and readers may prefer the uncut edges and white paper in the present issue, which, in any case, is fair enough to satisfy an exacting bibliophile; if not, the publishers offer him a still more beautiful copy of the poems printed on hand-made paper.

The committee of the Royal Irish Military Tournament, out of the proceeds of the meeting held in Dublin in May last, have granted £100 in aid of the funds of the Dublin branch of the Army and Navy Pensioners' Employment Society.

Cardinal Manning presided on Monday at a crowded meeting held in connection with the annual fête of the Catholic Total Abstinence League of the Cross, at the Crystal Palace. More than 25,000 adherents of the movement were present.

Tuesday's *Gazette* contains an Order in Council giving, at considerable length, regulations for the prevention of collisions at sea in substitution for the orders at present in force. The order prescribes rules concerning lights, signals in case of fog, and for sailing and steering.

An analysed account of the public income and expenditure for the year ending March 31, 1874, which was issued among the Parliamentary papers on Tuesday, states that of the income of £75,486,365 raised in that year, £71,735,523 was the proceeds of taxation, and that there was an excess of £205,620 over the expenditure.

Mrs. Gladstone distributed the prizes to the members of the Hawarden Horticultural Society on the 14th inst. Acknowledging a vote of thanks to his wife, Mr. Gladstone urged that nobody should despise the cultivation of flowers. There was, he said, nothing more touching than to see how human nature clung to beauty in its innocent and delightful forms.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Feb. 5, 1884), with a codicil (dated Feb. 15 following), of Mr. James Lyne Hancock, late of Blenheim Lodge, Putney-heath, and of No. 266, Goswell-road, vulcanised india-rubber manufacturer, who died on April 29 last, was proved on the 1st inst. by William Isaac Carr, Charles Thomas James, and John Hancock Nunn, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £301,000. The testator leaves £500, and all the furniture, plate, pictures, household effects, wines, liquors, horses and carriages, at his residence, to his wife, Mrs. Sarah Hancock; his business, business premises, machinery, plant, stock-in-trade, book debts, and the balance at his banker's to his cousin the said John Hancock Nunn; Blenheim House and grounds to his cousin Mrs. Sarah Nunn and her daughters, Kate and Marian; and the Wellington Foundry, Charles-street, to his cousins Fanny, Maria, and Harriet Hancock. His numerous shares in steam and other ships he gives specifically to his different cousins; and there are many other legacies, including bequests to the workpeople at his factory, who have been in his employ for a specified time. He also bequeaths £1000 each to King's College Hospital and St. George's Hospital;—£500 each to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, the Asylum for Fatherless Children, Reedham; the Commercial Travellers' School, Pinner; the Infant Orphan Asylum, Wanstead; the Hospital for Diseases of the Chest, City-road; the Royal Hospital for Incurables, Putney; and the London Hospital Whitechapel;—£200 each to the Orphan Working Asylum, Haverstock-hill, and the Beneficent Institution, Berners-street;—and £100 to the Working Men's Club and Institution, Roehampton. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life; then, as to one moiety, as she shall appoint, and subject thereto, he gives such residue to his cousins Fanny, Maria, and Harriet Hancock.

The Scotch confirmation under seal of the Commissariat of Lanarkshire, of the deed of settlement (dated Jan. 8, 1883) of Mr. Charles Connell, late of Whiteinch, near Glasgow, ship-builder, who died on Feb. 14 last, granted to Mrs. Elizabeth Campbell or Connell, the widow, James Reid, John Inglis, Junior, Patrick Henry Higgins, Junior, and John Baird Smith, the accepting executors nominate, was sealed in London on the 16th ult., the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to upwards of £264,000.

The will (dated Aug. 23, 1881) of Miss Helen Agnes Ellice, late of Woodville, in the parish of Temple Ewell, near Dover, who died on May 31 last, was proved on the 10th ult. by William Ellice and Lieut.-General Sir Charles Henry Ellice, G.C.B., the cousins, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £61,000. The testatrix bequeaths some legacies to servants and others; and the residue of her real and personal estate she leaves, upon trust, for Mrs. Marian King Coleman, for life; then for the said William Ellice, for life; and then for the said Sir Charles Henry Ellice.

The will (dated Feb. 1, 1879), with a codicil (dated Nov. 30, 1883), of the Rev. Charles Old Goodford, D.D., J.P., Provost of Eton College, who died on May 9 last, was proved on the 10th ult. by Mrs. Katharine Lucia Goodford, the widow, Arthur John Goodford, the son, and George Still Law, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £34,000. The testator bequeaths £500 to his wife; the portraits given by boys on leaving Eton, as are his property, to Eton College, to the intent that they may be kept at the Provost's Lodge for ever. There are specific bequests of furniture and plate to his wife and children, and a considerable portion is to go with the mansion house and estate of Chilton Cantelo, Somersetshire, to which his said son succeeds. He makes up to £6000 the portions of each of his younger children, with what they are entitled to out of the trust funds under his marriage settlement, in which his wife has a life interest; and there are a few other legacies. The residue of the personalty he leaves to his said son, and the residue of his real estate to be held with the estate of Chilton Cantelo.

The will (dated June 5, 1877), with four codicils (dated June 5, 1877; Jan. 8, 1879; Feb. 3, 1882; and June 4, 1884), of Mr. Edward Milns, late of No. 9, Queen Anne's-gate, Westminster, and of Sunninghill, Berks, who died on June 4 last, was proved on the 4th inst. by Mrs. Elizabeth Milns, the widow, and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate exceeding £31,000. The testator confirms the settlement made of his Sunninghill estate in favour of his wife; and there are bequests to his own and his wife's relatives, and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his wife.

The will (dated Jan. 10, 1882) of Mrs. Catherine Abram (widow of the late William Abram), late of Belsize-terrace, Hampstead, who died on the 23rd ult., was proved on the 6th inst. by her step-son, George Abram, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate being sworn under £30,000. The testatrix bequeaths to her step-son William John Abram, £1000; to her step-son Edward Abram, £3000; George Stewart Abram, son of George Abram, £500; F. G. I. Abram (since deceased), £250; Mrs. Jeannie Goodall, £250; her sister-in-law, Elizabeth Ross, £1000; Thomas H. Merriman (since deceased), £500; the Rev. Dr. Tremlett, £50; her step-daughters, Mrs. Eliza White and Mrs. Charlotte A. Pashley, a life interest in £1000 each; her god-daughter, Katie Louise Abram, daughter of George Abram, £2000; her half-sister Eliza, £1000, with remainder to her children; the Governors of the North London Consumptive Hospital, £1000; the London Society for Teaching the Blind to Read, £500; her faithful servant, Susan Bullock, an annuity of £70, free of legacy duty; and for a window in St. Peter's Church, Hampstead, £100. The residue of her personal estate she bequeaths to her step-son George Abram absolutely.

The will (dated Dec. 14, 1883) of Mr. Peter Squire, late of No. 413, Oxford-street, chemist, and of No. 12, York-gate, Regent's Park, who died on April 6 last, was proved on the 9th ult. by Mrs. Mary Christiana Squire, the widow, and Miss Ann Fanny Squire, the daughter, the executrices, the value of the personal estate exceeding £29,000. With the exception of a legacy to an old servant, the only persons interested under the will are testator's wife and children. The deceased was one of the founders and three times president of the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain.

The will (dated Jan. 16, 1858) of Sir William Brown, C.B., formerly of the War Office and of Putney, but late of Hill-side, Parkstone, Dorset, who died on May 19 last, has been proved at the Blandford district registry, by Dame Cornelia Jane Brown, the widow and sole executrix, to whom he devises and bequeaths all his real and personal estate. The value of the personal estate is sworn under £5000.

A correspondent obligingly informs us that Mr. R. S. Hudson, of the Bache, Chester, whose death was announced in our last Number, gave £20,000 to the Congregational Jubilee Fund.

A monthly magazine, *The Atlantic Ocean*, devoted to oceanic and Continental travel, has made its appearance. The contents comprise lyrics and light articles and an illustrated series of practical papers of special interest to the professional traveller and the ordinary pleasure-seeker.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to this department of the Paper should be addressed to the Editor, and have the word "Chess" written on the envelope.

E H K (Brooklyn).—Thanks for the problem, which shall have due honours if found correct and up to the mark.

PLEYNA AND OTHERS.—Please refer to note relating to Problem No. 2107 below.

P J (Broadmoor).—As we have several times notified, the problem cannot be solved in less than four moves.

R B (Southend).—Thanks. The last is, with the others, under examination.

A B S (Tetworth).—The game and notes are very acceptable. We are obliged also for the authoritative report of the Bath meeting.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2104 received from W H L; of No. 2105 from A Bruin, E L G, and Pierce Jones; of No. 2106 from Emile Frau, W H L, A Bruin, Venator, Dr P St, W Biddle, Pierce Jones, New Forest, H A L S, F W Imbuseley, and E L G.

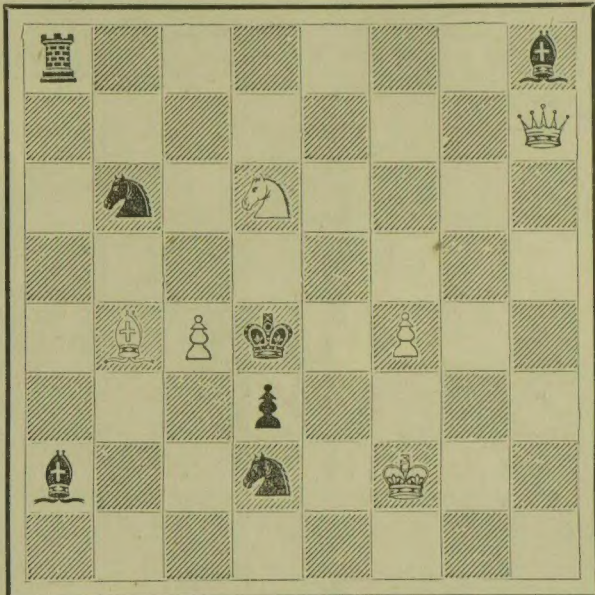
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2107 received from Otto Fulder (Ghent), Jupiter Junior, C Darragh, T G (Ware), S Farant, F Ferris, A O Hunt, G Joicey, Thomas Gaffikin Junior, M O Halloran, R L Southwell, L Falcon (Antwerp), W Dewae, W Hillier, C S Cox, G S Oldfield, G W Law, L Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, H K Awdry, B Robinson, L Wyman, C W Milson, James Pilkington, Anson Harper, N S Harris, H Wardell, E Casella (Paris), T H Holdron, N H Mullen, T Greenbank, D W Keil, H Lucas, J G Anstee, R Gray, B R Wood, C Oswald, H Blacklock, A M Colborne, R T Kemp, Pierce Jones, Dr F St., Jumbo, J Alois Schmucke, J T W, W G G Jackson, Rev. W Anderson (Old Romney), Hereford, J Hall, Venator, Shadforth, Edmund Field, E Louder, E L G, F and G Howitt (Norwich), E E H, H H Noyes, A M Porter, S Bullen, G Fosterbrook, and Alpha.

NOTE.—Several correspondents have sent proposed solutions of the above problem by way of 1. B to K B 7th. We believe Black has a good answer to that line of attack in 1. K to K 6th. The answer to 1. Kt to Q Kt sq, a coup favoured by a large number of correspondents, is 1. P to K 6th.

PROBLEM No. 2109.

By WILLIAM FINLAYSON (Stuttgart).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

Played in the Tournament of the Counties Association at Bath between Messrs. SKIPWORTH and RANKEN.

(Irregular Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. R.)	WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. R.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to K 3rd	17. B to Q 2nd	P to B 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd		18. Q to Kt 3rd (ch)	
This leads to what is called Zukertort's opening; but Mr. Skipworth informs us that he played it years ago, before it was thus christened and Dr. Zukertort in the field. Its positions are similar to those in the English Opening, and Mr. Skipworth considered that the variation needed no name.			
3. P to K 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	19. B to Kt 4th	K to R sq
4. B to Q 3rd	B to Q 3rd	20. B takes Kt	Kt to B 4th
5. Castles	Castles	21. Kt to Kt 5th	Q takes B
6. Q to B 2nd	P to B 4th	22. Kt to K 6th	Q to K 2nd
7. Kt to B 3rd	B to Kt 2nd	23. P takes P	R to B 3rd
8. P to K 4th		24. Q R to Q B sq	R takes P
A miscalculation which ought to have cost White the game. Mr. Skipworth may be excused for making such a blunder so early in his first game, when it is considered that he had not only to compete against the strongest amateurs of the day, but that the work of the week's meeting, no slight undertaking, devolved upon him.			
9. B takes P	P takes B	25. White cannot play 24. Kt takes Q P.	
10. B to Q 3rd	P takes P	Mr. Skipworth observes, on account of 24. Q to Kt 4th, threatening checkmate. He can do it after this move, however, because now Kt to Q B 6th is a good answer to P to Kt 4th.	
11. B to Q 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	26. Foreseeing the above line of attack and guarding against it.	
12. Kt to Q Kt 5th	Kt to Q Kt 3rd	27. R to B 7th	B to Q 4th
13. Q to Q sq	Kt takes B	28. Q to K Kt 3rd	P to Kt 3rd
14. Kt takes B	Q takes Kt	29. Q to R 4th	P to K R 4th
15. Q takes Kt	P to K 4th	30. P to K Kt 4th	Q to Kt 5th
Mr. Skipworth notes here:—			
16. Q takes P	Q takes Q	31. R takes R (ch)	K to R 2nd
17. B to K 3rd, and White would merely have his Pawn ahead.		32. R to B 7th (ch)	K to Kt sq
		33. Q to K 8th (ch)	R to B sq
		34. R to Kt 7th (ch)	K to R sq
		35. R to K R 7th	K takes R (ch)
		36. Q to Q 7th (ch),	
		and Black resigned.	

The tournament at Simpson's Divan was closed on the 11th inst. It resulted in Mr. Mason winning the first prize (£8); Mr. Guest, second prize (£5); and Messrs. Donnithorpe and Gunsberg dividing the third and fourth prizes, £3 and £2 respectively.

The official report of the result of some of the tourneys in connection with the Bath meeting of the Counties Chess Association differs in some particulars with that supplied to us last week. In the second division of the first class we find that Messrs. Fedden, Pollock, and Loman tied with a score of seven to each. The three prizes were consequently divided equally among these gentlemen.

Harvest operations during the past week have been actively carried on, and the reports of correspondents in various districts of England show that the cereal yield this season is likely to be abundant.—The official summary of the agricultural returns for 1884 shows that the quantity of land in Great Britain under wheat was 2,676,477 acres; barley, 2,159,485; and oats, 2,892,576. The cattle numbered 6,241,127; the sheep, 16,371,280; and the lambs, 9,665,937.

The report of the Committee of Council on Education (England and Wales) for 1883-4 has been issued as a Parliamentary paper. From statistics therein contained, it appears that the number of day-schools inspected during the year ending Aug. 31, 1883, was 18,540; of which 11,703 were connected with the National Society or Church of England, 4049 with School Boards, 1412 were British and undenominational, 817 Roman Catholic, and 559 Wesleyan. The total average number of scholars in attendance was 3,127,214; of whom 1,562,507 were attached to Church schools, 1,028,904 to Board schools, 247,990 to British schools, 162,310 to Roman Catholic schools, and 125,503 to Wesleyan schools. The total amount paid out of the Parliamentary grants for the same year was £2,518,641, of which, excluding shillings and pence, £1,237,006 was paid to Church schools; £843,694, Board; £201,614, British; £127,456, Roman Catholic; and £103,869, Wesleyan. The aggregate annual income of the schools was £5,829,781; of which £2,766,721 belonged to the Church schools and £2,134,234 to the Board schools.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT MONTREAL.

The Congress of the British Association of Science at Montreal, the important commercial city of Canada, will be opened next week. The President, Lord Rayleigh, an accomplished man of science, will deliver the opening Address. The Presidents of the different sections are, respectively, Sir William Thomson (Physical Science), Sir Henry Roscoe (Chemistry), Mr. W. T. Blanford (Geology), Professor Moseley (Biology), Sir J. H. Lefroy (Geography), Sir Richard Temple (Economic Science and Statistics), Sir Frederick Bramwell (Mechanics), and Dr. E. B. Tylor (Anthropology). Special addresses, reports, and lectures of great interest are expected from eminent scientific men. We shall give the portrait of Lord Rayleigh, the President, in next week's publication. Some Views of Montreal are now presented to our readers, including that from the "Royal Mount," looking eastward over the city; the harbour quay, to which steam-ships of nearly six thousand tons burden come all the way up the river St. Lawrence, six hundred miles from the sea; the Place d'Armes, the name of which recalls the old French dominion of Canada; Victoria-square, with the surrounding handsome buildings of modern erection; and the McGill University, an institution which stands high in repute both as a place of collegiate study, and from the connection with it of such eminent men of science as Sir William Logan and Principal Dawson. The Victoria Tubular Bridge over the St. Lawrence, a wonderful structure of iron two miles long, was completed in 1861, the Prince of Wales driving the last rivet. Montreal has a population of 150,000, being the largest city in Canada, though not the capital of a Province. It occupies the site of the native Indian town or village, called Hochelaga, visited by the earliest French explorers three and a half centuries ago.

NEW PUBLIC OFFICES AT WHITEHALL.

The building intended for the joint accommodation of the War Office and the Admiralty will occupy a large space on the west side of Whitehall and great part of Spring-gardens, extending to the Parade and the Mall in St. James's Park. It will stand in Whitehall adjacent to the Horse Guards, covering the site of the present Admiralty, and a good deal of additional ground. There has been a competitive exhibition of architects' designs, from which the judges, including the First Commissioner of Works and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. W. H. Smith, M.P., and two professional advisers, have chosen the one shown in our Illustration. It is that contributed by Messrs. Leeming and Leeming, brothers, of Halifax. It comprises, in the interior, a great oblong quadrangle, 219 ft. long by 80 ft. wide, entirely surrounded by the buildings; those of the War Office being to the left hand of the Whitehall entrance, overlooking the Horse Guards' Parade at the back; and those of the Admiralty on the Spring-gardens' side, where the broad roadway of the Mall will be continued, opening into Whitehall, but leaving Messrs. Cocks and Biddulph's bank at the corner. The architects propose to adorn the south end of the Whitehall front with a lofty tower, 260 ft. high, close to the Horse Guards; while each angle of the St. James's Park front will be surmounted by a tower, with an elegant cupola, directly underneath which towers, respectively, on the first floor, will be the apartments of the two Ministers, heads of the official Departments, the Secretary of State for War and the First Lord of the Admiralty. This appears to be a very appropriate, as well as stately and even magnificent design, but some objection may be raised to the costliness of the higher tower in front, and it may be feared that the effect would be to reduce the low Horse Guards building to extreme insignificance, and to provoke a demand for its reconstruction. Another objection has been taken to the design as it now stands, upon the ground that the intermediate court or quadrangle, between the two sets of offices, being entirely closed in by high buildings, will not allow ventilation. But it would probably not be difficult, though with a sacrifice of much ground-space for the buildings, to throw open the rear of this court to St. James's Park. Our Illustration will give an idea of the external beauty and elegance of the proposed buildings, which are in the Renaissance style of architecture, with rounded windows separated by Corinthian columns on the principal floor, and with roof-turrets, in pairs, topped by small domes, upon which it is suggested that statues may be placed. The three angle-towers, the tall one looking over Whitehall, and the other two, on the Park side, marking the distinct location of the War Office and of the Admiralty, seem to be the most conspicuous architectural feature outside. The interior arrangements for the different offices, in which altogether nearly 1400 persons, clerks, messengers, and servants, are usually employed, are said to be very convenient. The largest apartment is the Naval Board-room. The buildings will contain three floors to be occupied for business purposes.

"SALLY IN OUR ALLEY."

Among the favourite pictures at the late Exhibition of the Royal Academy, Mr. E. S. Kennedy's very pleasing delineation of the scene that is suggested by a verse of this charming old ballad is one deserving of reproduction in our Engraving. "Sally in our Alley" was composed about a hundred and fifty years ago by Henry Carey, a man of genius, a natural son of the Marquis of Halifax, and a poet, as well as a musical composer, whose works have considerable merit. He is mentioned with approval by Addison in the "Spectator." The Artist has faithfully represented the costumes and manners of London street life at that period, when City prentices could indulge, on Sundays and holidays, in harmless social gaieties without going out of town. It is, however, a very special engagement that the honest hero of this good old song is privileged to keep when he "walks abroad with Sally," dressed as we see, in all his best, with a festive nosegay in his buttonhole, but with his hat sternly cocked and with a stout stick in his hand, showing that he is ready to do battle for her protection in case of any rude fellows presuming to accost her in an impertinent manner. The sweet girl herself, whom he melodiously proclaims the darling of his heart, is a very pretty figure, in her modest maidenly attire, though its fashion would not be admired at the present day; and the air of trustful, but half-timid love and tenderness with which she regards him as she leans upon his arm, is justified by the sincerity and fidelity of his attachment. What though, as he confesses, "my master and the neighbours all make game of me and Sally," he and she can still look forward to the time of their happy wedding and to a happy married life, "but not in our alley."

Alderman Whitcombe, of Portsmouth, was received last Saturday by the Prince of Wales, to whom he handed a cheque for £3000 for the foundation of a Portsmouth Scholarship at the Royal College of Music. In addition to giving two thirds of this amount, Mr. Whitcombe has taken an active interest in arranging entertainments, by means of which the balance has been raised. The Prince warmly thanked him for his public-spirited conduct. Mr. Whitcombe lunched with the Royal party.



1. Montreal, View looking east, from Mount Royal.
5. The McGill University.

2. Victoria-square.

3. The Place d'Armes.

4. Montreal Harbour.

6. The Victoria Bridge of the Grand Trunk Railway over the St. Lawrence.



THE LATE REV. MARK PATTISON, B.D.,
RECTOR OF LINCOLN COLLEGE, OXFORD.

The Rector of Lincoln College, the Rev. Mark Pattison, who died on the 30th ult., was eminent as a literary scholar, especially in the historical and critical study of the classical school of authorship in Europe since the revival of learning. He was born in 1813, the eldest son of the Rev. M. J. Pattison, Rector of Hawkswell, or Hauxwell, near Richmond. He was educated at Oriel College, Oxford, and took his degree in 1836, in the second class; in 1840, he was elected a Fellow of Lincoln College, and took deacon's orders in the Church soon afterwards. For a short time he was attached to the views of the Rev. J. H. Newman and the "Tractarian" school of theology, but modified his opinion of this when some of its leaders



THE LATE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, K.G.

joined the Roman Catholic Church. He obtained the Denyer Prize for a theological essay in 1841, and again in 1843. In the subsequent years, he devoted his attention to philosophical and general literature. He was appointed Classical Examiner of the University, first in 1848, and again in 1853, under the new Examination Statute. During the controversies upon University Reform, he contributed frequently to the discussion of important questions, and gave evidence before the Royal Commissioners upon this subject. He was also an Assistant Commissioner to inquire into Elementary Education in Germany. His literary labours were various and extensive, but much industry was bestowed on his special researches into the literary history of the sixteenth century, with a view to writing the biography of Joseph Scaliger and of Isaac Casaubon. The last-mentioned work, published in 1875, is one of standard excellence, and he wrote many essays upon kindred topics in the *Quarterly Review* and other journals. He also contributed the essay on the life and writings of Milton



THE LATE GENERAL SIR W. J. CODRINGTON, G.C.B.

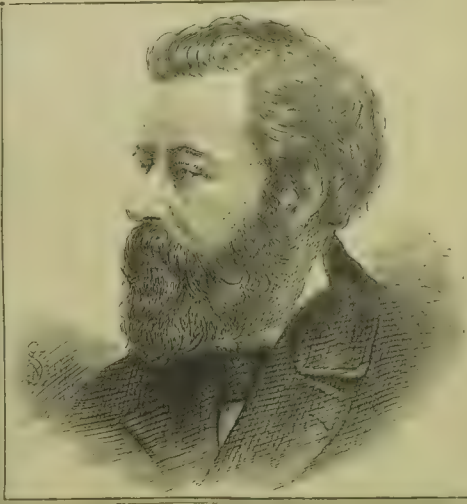
to the "Eminent Men of Letters" series, and prepared a critical edition of Milton's Sonnets, with a valuable commentary, as well as the Clarendon Press edition of Pope's "Essay on Man" and "Satires and Epistles." Mrs. Pattison, his wife, is author of an elaborate work on the Renaissance of Art in France.

Earl Manvers has made a return of 40 per cent to his agricultural tenants, and the Earl of Yarborough a reduction of 15 per cent for five years to those tenants who have paid their rents.

Cathedral of La Plata.



Dr. Dardo Rocha, Governor of Buenos Ayres.



THE NEW CITY OF LA PLATA, BUENOS AYRES, THE CAPITAL OF THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

LA PLATA, THE NEW CAPITAL OF THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

The flourishing condition of the Argentine Federal Republic under its present Government, with the stability of its public credit, the rapid increase of its commerce, and the opportunities which it affords to British enterprise and capital, has been recognised by all who are acquainted with South American affairs. Its vast natural resources as a pastoral region, not excelled by those of our Australian colonies, demand only that the country should be more fully occupied by European settlers, who will enjoy one of the finest climates in the world. The Federal territory, extending nearly fourteen hundred miles from north to south, and seven hundred from west to east, possesses an incomparable maritime outlet in the grand estuary of the La Plata, receiving the waters of the great navigable rivers Parana, Paraguay, and Uruguay, with their numerous tributaries; while to the west, as far as the Andes, and to the south of Buenos Ayres, in the fertile plain of the Salado, there are immense tracts of land capable of every variety of production in a temperate climate. The old city of Buenos Ayres, founded by the Spanish Viceroy nearly three hundred years ago, is situated on the south side of the La Plata estuary, a hundred and fifty miles from the open sea, and has a population now exceeding a quarter of a million. It is not, however, a convenient port, there being a mere roadstead, where ships drawing 16 ft. of water are obliged to anchor seven or eight miles off the shore, exposed to violent winds; and large steamers must lie in the middle of the estuary, here about thirty-six miles wide. The discomfort to passengers in landing is often felt, while the cost of lighterage for goods is sometimes as much as their freight across the ocean.

To remedy these inconveniences, by providing a new commercial port, with a new city which is to supersede Buenos Ayres as the capital of the Argentine Republic, has been the bold and judicious policy of the National Congress, the Senate and Chamber of Deputies, inspired by patriotic motives, and resolved to insure the progressive prosperity of their magnificent country. This task has been accomplished, to a considerable extent, within the past sixteen months, chiefly by the energy and ability of one man, Dr. Dardo Rocha, Governor of the metropolitan province of Buenos Ayres. On the shores of a fine natural harbour, called Enseñada, forty miles below the city of Buenos Ayres, the new city, bearing the name of La Plata, has begun to arise, while effective works of harbour improvement and port accommodation have been commenced, for which a loan of £2,254,100 was issued, last October, through the firm of Morton, Rose, and Co., of London. The works include a canal, nearly 500 ft. wide and nearly ten miles in length, from the harbour through the district south of the new city, which will be connected with the former capital by the Western Railway, and also by the Great Southern Railway of Buenos Ayres.

The inauguration of the city of La Plata as the new capital took place on April 5 this year, since which date the whole of the official business of the Province has been transacted there. The population, industry, and trade of the city are quickly increasing day by day. It has some important public edifices; besides the Cathedral, shown in one of our Illustrations, there is a commodious palace for the Legislative Assembly, and the Theatre, the Law Courts, the offices of the Educational Council, of the Department of Engineers, of the Police and Fire Brigade, and the Provincial and Mortgage Banks, also the extensive workshops of the Western Railway. The city has been endowed with a noble park, having an area more than five times that of Hyde Park, abounding in luxuriant groves of eucalyptus-trees, and intersected by the broad canal above described. We present a View of the new city, as its establishment, with that the new port, in so good a harbour as Enseñada, must be an event of general interest. There has of late years been an amazing increase of traffic and shipping at Buenos Ayres and the "River Plate," with mail-steamers from all parts of Europe and the United States.

The future prospects of the country, and the development of its immense resources, render it a matter of vital importance to have at the head of affairs a man endowed with such high qualifications and capabilities as Dr. Rocha, and it is therefore reasonable to expect that he will be recognised as the most deserving and eligible candidate for the Presidency of the Argentine Republic. It may be mentioned, to the credit of his three years' administration in Buenos Ayres, that the aggregate length of railways actually in working, or in a forward state towards completion, is now 2200 kilometres, having been only 1082 kilometres in 1881; so that more than one kilometre length of railway has been constructed every day in his term of office. The new City of La Plata was founded by Dr. Rocha on Nov. 19, 1882.

THE LATE SIR W. CODRINGTON, G.C.B.

The death of General Sir William Codrington, who was Commander-in-Chief of the British Army in the Crimea, after the retirement of General Simpson, to the end of the Russian War in 1856, was recorded in our Obituary last week. He was in the eightieth year of his age. Sir William was the second son of Admiral Sir Edward Codrington, who was one of Nelson's Captains at Trafalgar, and who destroyed the Turkish fleet at Navarino. He sat in the House of Commons two years, from 1857, as M.P. for Greenwich, and was afterwards Governor of Gibraltar, and at different times held various military offices, but was not, after the siege of Sebastopol, further engaged in the active conduct of a campaign.

ST. GILES'S CHRISTIAN MISSION.

From the pages of the last annual report of this society just published, we gather that the work among discharged prisoners is steadily progressing, as will be seen from the following figures. During the past year, 14,286 men were discharged from the three metropolitan jails—viz., Coldbath Fields, Holloway, and Wandsworth, of whom 8841 accepted the invitation to the free breakfast which is offered to each man as he leaves the prison. The breakfast is served in an iron room just outside the gates of the prisons, when an opportunity is afforded of conversing with the men as to their future prospects and striving to induce them to turn over a new leaf, with what effect may be gathered from the fact that 2876 have signed the temperance pledge, and 1592 cases have been further helped as follows:—Sent to sea, 87; situations obtained on land, 227; fares paid home, 54; sent to Colonies, 70; assisted with tools, stock, clothes, money, &c., 1154. In addition to this, there are homes, with accommodation for forty inmates, where the men find a shelter whilst seeking employment, thus being kept away from the evil associations of the common lodging-house.

The central station of the Mission is situated in the heart of St. Giles's, where there is a constant series of efforts for the general welfare of the teeming multitudes of poverty-stricken humanity there abounding, which has met with most encouraging results. The Superintendent of the Mission is Mr. George Hutton, 12, Ampton-place, Regent-square, W.C.; and the Treasurer, Mr. F. A. Bevan, of 54, Lombard-street, E.C.

HUNTING THE WILD RED-DEER.

Cloutsham Ball has so long been recognised as the one place most appropriate for a gathering of west country sportsmen to celebrate the commencement of each stag-hunting season that it hardly seems like an opening day when the Devon and Somerset hounds have their first formal fixture at any other point on the borders of wild Exmoor. Standing on the bare rounded brow of Cloutsham, one is in the very heart of all the peculiarly picturesque and poetic influences that have helped so much to make this wild sport popular for centuries among all classes of people in the beautiful west country. One is there high above the topmost boughs of Horner Wood, and looking sheer down on a growth of oak-trees set so close together that only the dark masses of leaves can be seen at first and the valley looks as if clothed densely with low bushes. As the eye accustoms itself to distance, the wide-spreading branches can be seen, and then here and there in more open spaces the great grey trunks lower down. Only after gazing for several minutes can a stranger quite realise the immense depth of that wooded ravine. Then he discovers that what he has taken to be mere bushes are really trees of noble growth; and that the opposite hill, instead of being fringed with scrubby brushwood, as he had at first thought, is thickly set with oaks, the interlacing branches of which form a vast covert, wherein scores of red-deer might lie securely hidden from view. Even then, however, he cannot see that under those oaks the hillside is seamed by deep crevices, and rudely broken by gigantic boulders, among which no horseman can ride except by steep stony paths that the stags have made in frequently passing from thicket to stream. A brook that may almost be called a river rushes down the ravine, tumbling and foaming over boulders, but it is so overshadowed that it flashes back no sunlight, and is so far down that its loud babbling cannot be heard by anybody on Cloutsham Ball. The meadows and orchards of Porlock, where Horner Valley widens to the sea, look close at hand, but to reach them by a path that follows the windings of the brook one must cover many miles. This, in fact, is a great forest, deeded by several deep ravines or combs that seem formed by nature to be the haunts of wild red-deer. On the other side, separated from Cloutsham by a valley almost as deep as Horner, the mountainous height of Dunkerry rises. Its rugged slopes are covered with bracken, purple ling, and rose-coloured heather, except where patches of bright green show in boggy places, or rough boulders crop out. Westward is nothing but a vast stretch of open heath and sedgy waste. That is Exmoor proper. Looked at from here, it appears simply a wide expanse of gentle undulations; but between every two ridges there is a deep comb with sides so precipitous that horsemen can only cross at certain points well known to natives. These things make distances deceptive and the country very difficult for a stranger to ride over when hounds are running hard.

An opening day at Cloutsham, however, has always been made an occasion of much festivity by the holiday crowds who from towns and villages within twenty miles have gathered there once every year, and to the minds of some people such feasting and gaiety would have appeared unseemly so soon after the death of Mr. Fenwick Bisset, who for twenty-six years held honoured sway as master of the Devon and Somerset hounds. For this reason the fixture has been changed to Holmbush Gate on Porlock Hill. Journeying from Minehead, therefore, one turns not aside as usual through the narrow lanes that lead by quaint West Luchham village to the foot of Dunkerry or up the avenue of ancient walnut-trees to the cool, shadowy glens of Horner, but must needs follow the dusty, sun-scorched road towards Porlock. Entering the tortuous street of that picturesquely secluded village, one sees, on the hill above, a crowd of horsemen, carriages, and gaily attired spectators already assembled. The point they occupy scarcely seems barely a mile off, yet to reach it one must toil up the zig-zag turnings of a road so steep and long that horses are sobbing from the oppressive heat and covered with lather before they have gone half way. On the ridge there is no shelter from fierce sunshine, and one soon feels how cruel would be the stress of hard galloping on too-willing steeds if hounds should begin to run.

We are not kept long in doubt before deep hound notes proclaim that the tufters have some game on foot in the pine woods that clothe the tall precipitous cliffs of Porlock Bay. One may not stay now to admire at leisure the glorious panorama of coast and moorland scenery stretching on either hand. A warrantable deer has been found in the very thicket where Miles harboured him at daybreak. The tufters drive him to and fro with a fierce clamour that scarcely ceases for a moment, pressing close on his footsteps wherever he turns, and at last the lordly monarch of the glen, bearing full forest rights on his beamed frontlet, bounds out of covert into the field where hundreds of people are gathered. Scarcely deigning to turn aside from the throng, he throws his head proudly back, casts one disdainful look towards the covert where puny pursuers are clamouring more loudly than ever, and then strides leisurely away towards the woods of Horner. Though a warrantable deer, he is not heavy with the fat of idleness, but looks as if he may hold on at that long steady gallop of his long after the stoutest steed has been ridden to a standstill. Hope whispers that there is just a chance of a moorland run after all. At this thought men mount hastily. Arthur comes quickly for the pack, and without waiting for tufters to be stopped, lays his hounds on the line at once. Everybody is anxious only for a good start. Over the rough moor we gallop as if it were level turf, scattering the fragrant heather-blossoms in a cloud as our horse's hoofs brush through them; then clatter down a stony path, slipping on the loose "shillets" at every stride. Ride hard as we may, none can beat the huntsman, who, in spite of his sixty-seven years, is quickest of all in getting down these steep hills. A moment's pause to hear which way hounds are turning, and then we must gallop faster than ever to be with them, for yonder goes our hunted stag over the opposite ridge. Will he turn down the next valley or hold straight on? Some of us having that chance of a moorland run always in view, keep as far up the combs as we safely may, hoping to nick in at the right moment. We get on to a lofty ridge, and can neither hear nor see anything but a cloud of horsemen speeding far away over Leigh Hill. Hounds must surely have turned down towards Horner, and we are not out of the hunt. No! hurrah! there they go like pigeons, skimming over the heather straight for Sweet Tree, and perhaps for Dunkerry. Twenty minutes at the best speed our poor steeds can raise to-day will take us there; but just as we have settled down to ride with all the judgment at our command, hounds turn back again, and we know that all hope of getting to the moor must be abandoned now. Once in the recesses of Horner, among herds of fresh deer, our hunted one is not likely to quit them again. The best thing now is to make our way to Cloutsham Ball, and wait on that point of observation while Arthur hunts up and down the water. After an hour or two thus spent, hounds rouse the stag once more, and push him hard through fields of standing corn on the crest, but he baffles them again; and we have at length to confess that Arthur Heal and the Devon and Somerset hounds are beaten.

H. H. S. P.

BUILDING OPERATIONS IN THE WESTERN SUBURBS.

We direct the reader's attention to a series of Sketches of "Growing London," in another part of this publication. The subjects there delineated were found on several of the estates which are the field of the gigantic building operations of Messrs. Gibbs and Flew, who have, within seven or eight years past, quite revolutionised West Kensington and Fulham. They were the first who had the foresight to perceive the value of the "Cedars" estate, as a site for houses of moderate rent. Upon this land they commenced operations, their speciality being semi-detached villas at rents from £50 to £60, but which also had the merit of being well and solidly built. This the public soon found out; for after what was at first a but modest venture, such was the demand for the houses erected by the firm, that other estates were acquired, mostly their freehold property, and at the present time they have ten building estates, not only at West Kensington, but also at Fulham, Wimbledon Park, Richmond, and Twickenham, with an area of over two hundred and twenty acres, in course of rapid development.

A few figures may here be interesting, as showing how any firm that caters for that which the public requires, and is not content with giving an ornamental article, but one that is substantial, will succeed. The enterprise had, at the end of six years, grown to such vast proportions, and the stress of work, both mentally and bodily, became so great upon the partners, that they concluded it was better to divide the strain, as well as the responsibilities. The result was that a Company was formed, in 1882, bearing the title of Gibbs and Flew (Limited), whose offices are at the Cedars Estate, West Kensington. This company was formed with a capital of £100,000, and last year the capital was increased by private subscriptions to £250,000. Their property now comprises the following estates—viz., the Cedars, Mornington, Baron's Court, and Margravine-gardens, estates at West Kensington, on which villas of from £60 to £100 rental are built, as is also the case at Munster Park, Fulham, and at Richmond Bridge. On their estate called Waldegrave Park, Twickenham, which is adjoining the historic Strawberry Hill of Horace Walpole, detached villas of special designs find ready purchasers and tenants. On the Fulham Park, Munster Park, and Salisbury estates at Fulham a smaller class of residences have been erected, at rentals from £30 per annum. Wimbledon Park, a recent purchase, has not yet been developed; but it is intended to be laid out with a good class of villas. On these estates there are at present about 1500 houses, with a yearly rental of nearly £70,000; and these figures are, of course, rapidly augmenting. The dividend declared by the Company is at the rate of 12 per cent per annum.

In the present depressed state of so many industries, and especially of building, such a result is startling, and we will endeavour to explain it. In the first place, as the Company have so many estates, and of such varied character and requirements, there is not the temptation that the ordinary builder has to push on to completion any one portion of the estates. If the houses in one district, of one size or description, are not selling or letting readily, that particular work is stopped or eased in the rate of progress, and operations in another district are pushed on which offers better results. The reason why the houses built by the Company let and sell so readily is also not far to seek. They are all soundly built, and contain the latest improvements; even the smallest class are provided with hot and cold water, and bath-rooms, with electric bells; while encaustic tiles, stained-glass, and marble fenders give them an attractive appearance not often found in houses of this class. Another inducement to tenants is that the houses are not only better, but cheaper, than the ordinary suburban dwellings; and the Company are enabled to offer these terms because they buy their material largely, and consequently at a less price than the builder who buys in smaller quantities and probably on credit. Not only this, but they have erected large workshops where the joinery work is turned out by machinery with all the latest improvements, and the Company also make the bricks required on the estates, and the stone and marble chimney-pieces.

Our Artist's Illustrations, to which we again refer, are conceived in the humour of the title "Growing London." We are first introduced to a sweet piece of woodland and lake scenery actually now to be seen at Wimbledon Park; this represents peace "before the invasion." We are there shown the invaders at work, cutting down and sawing up timber. A third Sketch delineates the "outposts of the enemy," showing on the one side a piece of old suburban London, and on the other the workshops. We see next the interior of one of the joiners' workshops of Messrs. Gibbs and Flew (Limited). A view of a range of semi-detached villas is presented in the fifth of these Sketches. The cricket-ground now being formed in the Baron's Court Estate is shown in the next Illustration. This will be larger by two acres than Lord's cricket-ground; and there will be, in connection with it, racquet-courts, swimming-baths, pavilions, and a specially designed hotel. It will be only a few minutes' walk from the West Kensington station, on the Hammersmith branch of the District Railway. An illustration of some of the smaller cottages is given; and we have, lastly, a view from one of the windows of the Club House on the Cedars estate, where some of the members are supposed to be watching a match which is being played on the lawn-tennis grounds that have been formed for the benefit of the tenants. To complete our description, St. Paul's Schools, which were opened the other day, have been built on a site adjoining the West Kensington estates, some of the masters' houses being actually upon the Cedars estate. The facilities for a high class of education are now therefore very great. Several churches and chapels of various denominations have been built on these estates, and two hotels, one, "The Cedars," being equal in accommodation to many much more ambitiously situated. One last word for the Club House, which is as complete in its appointments as many at the West-End.

The Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden Theatre continue successfully to prevent the void that would otherwise be left in London music between the end of the opera season and the renewed activity of the autumn season.

By command of the Queen, Messrs. Downey, of Ebury-street, Eaton-square, attended at Osborne on Saturday last, and took photographs of her Majesty in the act of presenting new colours to the Seaforth Highlanders. The same artists had also the honour of photographing the Prince and Princess of Wales and their family on board the Osborne.

Our Portrait of the late Duke of Wellington is from a photograph by Lombardi; that of the late General Sir W. Codrington, from one by Messrs. Maull and Fox; that of the Mayor of Tynemouth, by Mr. M. Auty, of Tynemouth; that of Mr. Stevenson, M.P., Chairman of the Tyne Commissioners, by Maull and Fox; that of the late Mr. J. F. Ure, C.E., late Chief Engineer, by J. Fergus, of Largs; and that of the late Rev. Mark Pattison, of Oxford, by Fall, of Baker-street. The Views of Tynemouth Priory and Lighthouse, of the North Pier, and of Shields Harbour, are from photographs by Mr. Auty, of Tynemouth.

THE CHURCH.

The Bishop of Winchester has been attending confirmations in Jersey.

It is announced that Dr. Hale, the Bishop of Brisbane, has intimated his intention of resigning his see in March next.

The Rev. Charles A. Lane, Curate of St. George's, Campden-hill, has accepted a living at Winnipeg, North America.

The Marquis of Northampton has given a site in Exmouth-street, Clerkenwell, for a new church. The district will be taken out of St. Philip's parish.

In opening the triennial visitation of his diocese, the Bishop of Chichester advised the clergy not to accept "locum tenens" preachers without due inquiry into their antecedents.

Canon Malcolm MacColl was installed, during the service last Saturday morning in Ripon Cathedral, by Canon Residentiary Holmes, and "read himself in" on Sunday morning.

The Rev. Dr. Simpson, Sub-Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral, has consented to become president of the London Church Choir Association, in the room of the late Bishop Claughton.

On Thursday, last week, the Rev. R. W. Loveridge, Vicar of St. Philip's, Mount-street, Bethnal-green, took nearly 2000 of his parishioners for a day in the country to Loughton. Of this number 1400 were children of the poorest class.

NEW BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS.

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NO MORE MEDICINE or EXPENSE for
 Old or Young.

PERFECT HEALTH to STOMACH,
 Lungs, Nerves, Liver, Blood, Brain, and Breath restored without medicine, purgative, or expense, by Du Barry's delicious Revalenta Arabica Food, which saves fifty times its cost in medicine.

DU BARRY'S REVALENTA ARABICA
 FOOD and TONIC BISCUITS, which save invalids and children, and also rear successfully infants whose ailments and debility had resisted all other nursing and treatments. They repair the muscular membranes throughout the system, and cure effectually Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Constipation, Consumption, Cough, Asthma, Catarrh, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Nervous Debility, Typhus, Scarcitina, Diphtheria, Enteric Fever, Measles, Netterash, and other Eruptions of the skin, and all the most inflammatory and wasting diseases. Dr. Routh, the best Medical Authority in London, after analysing sixteen other Foods, says:

DU BARRY'S FOOD is the BEST of ALL.
 It has saved many women and children wasting with atrophy and marked debility. 100,000 cures, including those of the late Emperor Nicholas, the Marchioness of Brehan, Lord Stuart de Decies, Dr. Livingstone and Mr. W. M. Stanley, the African explorers, Drs. Tre, Wurzer, &c.

EXTRACTS from 100,000 CURES of cases which had resisted all other treatments.

DYSPEPSIA.—DU BARRY'S FOOD.
 Cure 100,016.—A dangerous illness having left my digestive organs too weak to assimilate ordinary food of any kind sufficient to keep me alive, I owe my preservation to Du Barry's Food and Tonic Biscuits, on which I subsisted for months, recovering a healthy action of the stomach, and strength and muscle, to the astonishment of myself, my medical adviser, and friends.—Edward Wood, West Bank, Bolton, June 14, 1883.

DU BARRY'S FOOD.—NERVOUSNESS, DEBILITY.—With gratitude I testify to the great efficacy of Du Barry's Food in restoring and sustaining health, having taken it for Nervousness and Weakness.—Mrs. E. GRETTON, Upper Park, Deal-Linn, March 9, 1884.

DYSPEPSIA.—DU BARRY'S FOOD has cured me of nightly sweatings, terrible irritations of the stomach, and bad digestion, which had lasted eighteen years.—J. COMPARTE, Parish Priest, St. Romain-des-Is, France.

NERVOUSNESS.—DU BARRY'S FOOD.
 Cure of the Marchioness de Brehan, Verailles, of seven years' liver complaint, sleeplessness, palpitation, and the most intense nervous agitation and debility, rendering her unfit for reading or social intercourse.

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CONSUMPTION.—DU BARRY'S FOOD.
 Consumption, Asthma, Cough, Dropsy, Death's, on which I spent thousands of pounds during twenty-five years in vain, have yielded to this divine food, and I am now restored to perfect health.—Mr. JAMES ROBERTS, Wood Merchant.

DYSPEPSIA.—CONSTIPATION.—DU BARRY'S FOOD.—Cure No. 49,822, of fifty years' indescribable agony from dyspepsia, nervousness, asthma, cough, constipation, flatulency, spasms, sickness, and vomiting, by Du Barry's Food.—MRS. JOLLY, Wortham, Ling, Oct. 11, 1860.

LIVER.—DU BARRY'S FOOD.—Liver complaint and diarrhoea, from which I had suffered fearfully for two years, despite the best medical treatment, have yielded to Du Barry's excellent food. W. EDIE, Major, H.M.S. unattached, London.

HEALTH.—DU BARRY'S FOOD.
 Consumption, Diarrhoea, Cramp, Kidney and Bladder Disorders.—Dr. Wurzer's Testimonial:—"Du Barry's Food supercedes, in many cases, all kinds of medicine. It is particularly effective in cough, asthma, constipation, indigestion (dyspepsia), a confined habit of body, as also in diarrhoea, bowel complaints, inflammatory irritation, and cramp of the urethra, the kidneys and bladder, and hemorrhoids.—Dr. KUP. WURZER, Professor of Medicine, Bonn.

DU BARRY'S FOOD.—Pulmonary Complaint.—Madame H. de B., in a hopeless state of pulmonary consumption, took the REVALENTA ARABICA by advice of her physician. So rapid and favourable was the change it produced in her health that the dangerous period of her confinement, which her physician had predicted would be fatal, passed over without danger or difficulty, though the baby weighed sixteen pounds; and her husband cannot speak too highly of this excellent Food, upon which both his wife and child are now living.

DU BARRY'S FOOD IN KIDNEY DISEASE.—It has cured me of kidney disease, from which I had suffered fearfully for many years, and which had resisted the most careful medical treatment, and now, at the age of ninety-three, I am perfectly free from disease.—Curé Leroy, Orvaux, France.

PARALYSIS, CONSTIPATION, AND HÆMORRHOIDS, from which I suffered sixty years, have entirely yielded to Du Barry's Food, and I am now, at the age of eighty-five, enjoying perfect health.—WILLIAM HUNT, Barrister-at-Law, King's College, Cambridge, Oct. 10, 1849.

A CATARRH ON THE BLADDER, with its excruciating misery, had resisted the greatest medical skill during eight long years, but Du Barry's divine Revalenta Food cured it in an incredibly short time.—DEBS, Professor of Chemistry, Paris, April 13, 1862.

IN DYSENTERY, TYPHOID, AND AGUE, I find Du Barry's Food worth its weight in gold. I advise no English surgeon or physician to go into camp without it.—W. W. WACE, Esq., Surgeon-lieut. of the Imperial Ottoman Army, Military Hospital, Sofia, Bulgaria.

STOMACH.—DU BARRY'S FOOD has perfectly cured many years' fearful pains in the stomach and intestines, and sleeplessness, with constant nervous irritability, for which my wife had submitted in vain to medical treatment.—V. MOYANO, Merchant, Cadix.

ASTHMA.—DU BARRY'S FOOD has cured me of thirty-six years' asthma, which obliged me to get up four or five times every night to relieve my chest from a pressure which threatened suffocation.—Rev. S. BOLLER, Ercinville, France.

NEURALGIA.—DU BARRY'S FOOD is a remedy which I could almost call divine. It has perfectly cured our dear sister Julia, who has been suffering for the last four years with neuralgia in the head, which caused her great agony, and left her most without rest.—Rev. J. MOYASSEH, Valgoire, France.

SLEEPLESSNESS.—DU BARRY'S FOOD has cured my daughter, who had suffered for two years fearfully from general debility, nervous irritability, sleeplessness, and a total exhaustion, and given her health, sleep, and strength, with hard muscle and cheerfulness.—H. DE MONTLOUIS, Paris.

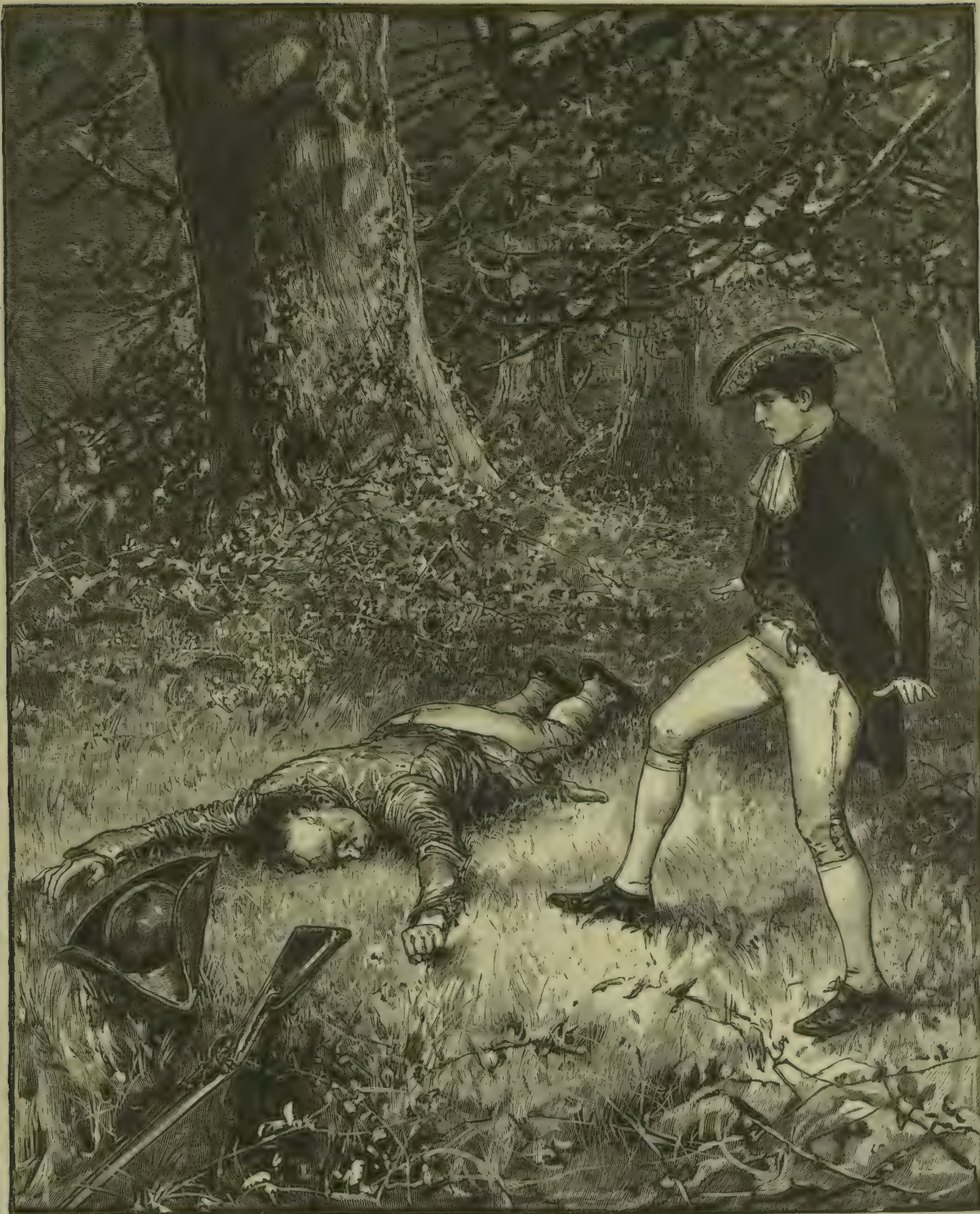
INFANTS SAVED BY DU BARRY'S FOOD.—Dr. F. W. Beneke, Professor of Medicine in Ordinary to the University, writes, April 8, 1872:—"I shall never forget that I owe the preservation of one of my children to Du Barry's Food. The child suffered from complete emaciation, with constant vomiting which resisted all medical skill, and even the greatest care of two wet-nurses. I tried Du Barry's Food with the most astonishing success. The vomiting ceased immediately, and, after living on this food for six weeks, the baby was restored to the most flourishing health."

INFANTS' PROSPERITY AND SLEEP.
 Ever since I fed my baby on DU BARRY'S REVALENTA FOOD he develops wonderfully, being as strong as a child of twice his age. He sleeps soundly all night from eight p.m. to eight a.m. without waking, and he never wakes during the day.—Mrs. BRESLEY, 39, Viner-street, York.

PRICES.—DU BARRY'S REVALENTA ARABICA suitably packed for all climates. In Tins of 1 lb., at 2s.; 2 lb., at 3s.; 5 lb., at 7s.; 10 lb., at 12s.; 20 lb., at 21s. or about 21 per meal. All Tins carriage free at home and in France. Also

DU BARRY'S TONIC REVALENTA BISCUITS insure sleep and nervous energy to the most restless and enfeebled. In Tins 1 lb., 3s. 6d.; 2 lb., 6s. All Tins free by post. DU BARRY and CO. (Limited), 77, Regent-street, London, W.; and 4, Rue de Castiglione, Paris; also through Fortnum and Mason; Barclay & Edwards; Sutton; Newbery; Hovenden & Lynch; the Stores; and at 4, Cheapside; Cross & Blackwell; 489, Oxford-street; Cobbet, 18, Pall-mall; and at all the Stores, Grocers, and Chemists in the World.

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DRAWN BY HAL LUDLOW.

"Here he is, as sound asleep as midnight. Holloa, Jack! wake up, my man!"

ROPES OF SAND.

BY R. E. FRANCILLON,

AUTHOR OF "STRANGE WATERS," "OLYMPIA," "A REAL QUEEN," &C.

CHAPTER XIV. ON THE SANDS.

FRANCIS CAREW could not help, for once, regretting his queer quarrel with Captain Quickset. There would have been glory for the country Squire in telling the fine gentleman that, if the latter could boast an acquaintance with duchesses, he himself had won at least a finger of Mabel Openshaw, one of whose golden curls was worth them all. He was perfectly satisfied with his progress, and felt no sort of dissatisfaction that all the avowals of love, present or to come, had been entirely on his own side. He had not, when he set out in the morning, so much as dreamed that she would even listen to him, or that he would have the impudence to ask a goddess to become the wife of a mere mortal. Or rather, he was sorry that Quickset had turned out a sort of creature

over whom no glory was to be won: for everything in the shape of jealousy had died. The creature, however, was asleep in an arm-chair over a solitary game of cards, and smiling like a child when it is supposed to be dreaming of angels. Francis put out the guttering candles, left him there, and went off to bed to dream of hunting Cucumber Jack through pathless forests swarming with wild swine; of thrusting the Captain out of each corner of his house in turn only

to find him turning up smiling in another; but with a sense of Mabel through it all. In short, he was in something of a fever; but it was of the happy kind, which does no harm.

Mabel also was in something of a mental fever, though of a less happy and therefore less harmless order. She managed to escape much further talk with the Parson for that night, for it was fortunately late, and he was somewhat fuddled—though not more so than Stoke Juliot would have considered becoming, or than she had learned to consider the natural condition of middle-aged manhood at bed-time; or indeed than was held consistent, at that period of history, with all the grave and dignified virtues. For it was a serious age, on the whole: men considered that, since drinking was worth doing, it was worth doing thoroughly and on system—they no more thought of frittering away their heads upon nips than their brains upon light reading, or their lives upon useless worry. At any rate, Parson Pengold had made sure of a good night's rest, without the consciousness of a single duty left unfulfilled: which might not have been the case if he had gone to bed with his head entirely clear. He was better off than Mabel, poor girl, who had to think things out with the help of nothing more soothing than tea.

Was she really engaged to two young men at once? The more she thought it over, trying in vain to get counsel from her pillow, the less she could come to a decision upon what ought, as being a mere question of fact, to be so easily settled. Is it indeed possible to be really engaged to two young men? She questioned her pillow till it seemed stuffed with flints instead of feathers, and became as incapable of giving her sleep as of giving her counsel—her, who scarcely knew what it was to pass a night without a good eight hours of as sound a sleep as if tea had never been discovered. Unquestionably, Caleb Quickset had overcome every reason she could urge against her running away with him to Scotland. As unquestionably, Francis Carew had overcome every reason she could think of for refusing to be his wife all in due time. How far had she promised Quickset? How far had she not

promised Francis Carew? That both men thoroughly believed they had won her was clear. Even as to Parson Pengold—if Francis Carew was the man of his choice, it was Caleb Quickset whom in his own interest he ought to choose.

That was the puzzle that bewildered her sleepless brain. But her heart was also beginning to wake up, and to open its eyes. Those deliciously exciting strolls along the sands gained a new meaning now that she had to face the prospect of being hurried into marriage with a man who was no more to be named in a day with Captain Quickset than a common flint with a polished diamond. Only think of the two side by side; not with the eyes of the heart, which are notoriously blind, but in the dry light of reason. Francis Carew was a heavy country squire; Caleb Quickset, an officer of rank and distinction in the service of the King. The Squire dressed on week days like a ruffian, and on Sunday like a scarecrow out for a holiday; the Captain, like Perfection. The Squire was ignorant and awkward; the Captain, brilliant with travel, and intimate with the great world. The one's passion was rough; the other knew how to blend the most delicate sentiment with the most exalted passion. The Squire was a man, but the Captain was a Captain; and more. One was shy and silent before her; the other, all graceful ease. How could even the coldest reason fail to choose between them? And it is always the reason that leads, the heart that follows—and especially with women, as all the world knows.

There was one way out of her trouble: and just one. This was to dismiss her pillow from her cabinet as incompetent and to take counsel of a friend—a friend who, considering his feelings towards her, must needs be absolutely unbiassed, and who, from his wide experience of the world and of human nature, would be able to counsel her as a friend indeed, and as wisely as honestly. In short, Captain Quickset's own parting words had been "To-morrow—the usual time—Horneck's Steeple—the Sands." How fortunate that she was not to be left to bear her own burden all aloof for more than a few hours! She would soon see the one man on earth who would



over whom no glory was to be won: for everything in the shape of jealousy had died. The creature, however, was asleep in an arm-chair over a solitary game of cards, and smiling like a child when it is supposed to be dreaming of angels. Francis put out the guttering candles, left him there, and went off to bed to dream of hunting Cucumber Jack through pathless forests swarming with wild swine; of thrusting the Captain out of each corner of his house in turn only

be able to tell her what to think and what to do. That thought brought rest to her brain and eyes: and, before she knew she had been asleep, it was day.

It was the unsociable custom at the Vicarage for the Parson to breakfast alone, in the kitchen: for he had no fancy for beginning the day with slops, was an early riser, and disliked the trouble of washing his hands and changing his clothes between his first interview with his pigs and his second. So he used to sit down in the rough, and gossip with Tamzin, or the man of all work, while the former of these two kept him supplied with huge hunks of fat bacon and his customary morning horns of ale; for no amount of port over night ever affected his appetite in the morning. Mabel, as if she were already the finest of ladies, rose at any time she pleased, and breakfasted on as much or as little as she fancied. She was something of an epicure in her delicate and fanciful way, and lived very largely (and sensibly and wholesomely) on thin brown bread spread with six times its thickness of cream; she was at any rate so far the angel that Francis Carew took her for that she fed on angels' food. To-day, however, she found her appetite vanished. She had read that such things do happen to people in love, and was not displeased to find it so. She had read a little; for the Parson's ill-chosen library was large, and not so confined entirely to theology and the dead languages as to be innocent of what was thought to be light literature when he was a servitor of his college. The cream-pot was not half emptied when, finding that the Parson was deep in the discussion of dinner with Tamzin, she set out for the sands, taking care not to pass the kitchen door.

At any rate, whatever the emptiness of her life, she had the advantage of liberty. There was nobody to hinder her goings out and her comings in when and how she pleased. She knew better than to cross the dunes, and reached the edge of the sands by the cunning management of scraps of natural path down a portion of the cliff that had a broken face: it looked like a feat of mountaineering from a distance, but was perfectly easy for anybody with a fairly good head and firm feet who knew the way. From the point where her descent ended, just where a little moorland stream broke over the edge of the cliff into a mist of foam, and where masses of dark rock lay in Titanic confusion, as though just here there had ages ago been some desperate pitched battle between earth and sea, she could see the whole vast stretch of the sands, right to the black central rock named after the arch-wrecker, and beyond. It was a grey forenoon: the wind had shifted, and the desert, with its far-off edge of rolling breakers, looked bleak and cold. But Mabel Openshaw was not one of those people who are affected by the whims and caprices of Nature, as if she were their mistress: and she was too true a nursling of Stoke Juliot to be struck by the familiar sight of a broken mast that had got wedged between the teeth of two of the grimest rocks, like a bone between the jaws of some gigantic beast of prey—if such sights were few, it was because such bones were too useful as fuel to be often left alone.

Though the wind was hard and sharp in her face, that she was the first to reach Horneck's Steeple I need hardly say. She was the woman, and he was the man: and, for that matter, Captain Quickset's toilet was not a thing to be slurred over, even though made but for the sake of a country Parson's penniless foundling. She seated herself in a leeward corner, and thought over the same old legend that had nearly inspired Francis Carew to go to the devil—how long ago? The devil was to keep old Horneck employed. But, whatever the task the devil could find for him to do, old Horneck did in no time, up to the murder by false lights of whole ships' crews: till at last the task-master, devil though he was, could think of no more mischief for old Horneck's hands to do. And yet, if he could not, he would be troubled by old Horneck till the day of doom. And so he was baffled till he hit upon the plan of setting his troublesome servant to the one impossible labour of twisting ropes of sand: and here, at this very spot, all night long, was old Horneck at it still. That was the story—not perhaps quite as Francis Carew, a foreigner to the parish, recalled it: but substantially the same, and fuller in detail. Well—it was no concern of hers: and no doubt old Horneck's doom and Nance Derrick's witchcraft were each about as true as the other.

"No: I can not," she thought, answering no immediate question, but to the general issue between herself and life at large. "I had better have been drowned out there as a baby than be fixed to a rock like a limpet for—twenty-three from three score and ten—let me see: forty-seven years: nearly eternity! I do not see the use of it all. Why didn't he leave me to drown? I am no use to him: he has his parish and his other pigs; and he would have them just the same if I had never been born or were dead to-morrow. I"—

"A thousand guineas for your thoughts, sweetheart!" said Captain Quickset, coming into sudden view; "and ten thousand more, if one of them was of me. I am not late, surely? No: it is you who are too soon: I am true to the moment—soldier's time. And how impatient I have been for this moment, you mustn't ask me to say. And you, too, have been waiting—for Me! There!" he exclaimed, putting his arm round her as she leant against the rock, and his lips to her cheek: "Now tell me your thoughts, and then I will tell you mine. They were of Me?"

Under the steeple, they were out of any sight but a telescope's from some far-off vessel, and she could let him hold her hand and her waist safely. Whether she loved him or not (and she was beginning to feel that she did love him) it was comfort unspeakable to feel that she had an arm to support her, and a better brain to think for her than her own.

"I don't know what they were," said she, with a sharp note in her voice at which Francis Carew would have wondered. "They were about myself—and about—I don't think they were about you; I am sure they were not about you. They"—

"If they were about yourself, all the better!" said he, gallantly, translating her denial in his own way; for of course a woman's thoughts had to be of Captain Quickset; if she admitted it, then clearly—if she denied it, then even more clearly still. "Then tell me them, all the more."

"I never used to think such things before. . . . But I have been wondering what I am"—

"Why, I've told you a hundred times; the loveliest"—

"And why I am"—

"Why? As if it were not to show mankind how lovely a woman can be; as if there could be any better reason than to make Me the happiest of men, and to drive all other beings to despair. My dear girl, what has happened? You are not yourself to-day, at all"—

"Oh, nothing. And it's just being myself that makes me so—so—I should think you might see what I mean. I mean I've been wondering what I really am. I can't have come from nowhere, and be nobody. I know I'm not like any girl that I ever saw—I don't mean at Stoke Juliot, of course; that's nowhere; but at Bideford, or wherever else I've been. Mr. Pengold once sent me to school there for months, so I know. I can't help knowing that I'm no more like what you'd expect to find at Stoke Juliot Vicarage than you'd look to find Mr. Pengold—elsewhere. I know I could take a place in the world among the best of them; and yet I don't know whether I'm born a princess or a beggar-girl. And why

should I have all these wants and these feelings, when there is nothing to come of them—when"—

She had never spoken of herself so freely to him before; and, for one thing, because it was not easy to speak of oneself when Captain Quickset was by. This time, however, he let her run on, holding her waist with one hand and meditatively stroking his chin with the other. But he interrupted her so sharply and suddenly that she started.

"When—what?" asked he.

"And somehow I never thought of such things until—It never came home to me how all alone I am before"—

"Something has happened, sweetheart. On my life and soul, something has happened. What is it? You have never let out my secret, Mabel?"

"As if! No; nothing has happened. Nothing ever happens. Unless you call it happening that—I have had an offer, and I don't know whether I have said Yes or No."

"Oh, is that all! Of course you have had an offer. You'll think nothing of such a trifle when you've had a few thousand more. It's that barbarian numskull Frank Carew."

"Why, how on earth could you guess?"

"It didn't need Spinks to guess that. In the first place, there was no other biped in Stoke Juliot; in the second place, anybody could tell with half an eye that you'd riddled the poor bumpkin through and through. He was bound to propose before another week was over. I should have liked to see how he did it, though. I suppose he hung his head, and looked at his toes, and asked you to walk with him of a Sunday, like Jack and Jill? By the living Harry, what will Nance What-do-you-call-her say? A regular gay Othello, upon my life and soul!"

"Indeed, he didn't speak like that, at all. I thought he was quite different from what he is. I thought like you do. But I don't now. And—the worst is—I'm ordered to marry him. Mr. Pengold and he—Mr. Carew—had settled it all between them before they spoke to me; and"—

Captain Quickset whistled, low and long.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, at last, "then there's but one thing for it, dearest girl. It isn't to be thought about. It must be done. Scotland is the only word."

It was the word which, in her heart of hearts, she knew would come from him. She would even have felt humiliated if it had not come; and yet it alarmed her now that it came. There was no need for him to repeat his arguments of yesterday morning; and he seemed to know there was no need. For that matter, he assumed, as a matter of course, that any woman is willing; and, however often a man who holds that not uncommon creed may be mistaken, he cannot fail to be right now and then. There was once an almanack-maker who made his fortune by successfully predicting a heavy snow-storm in the dog-days. It was his one happy hit; but nobody afterwards dared to question his powers of prophecy. So the Captain simply added,

"In how many hours can you come?"

CHAPTER XV.

WHAT FRANCIS CAREW FOUND.

It was a terribly large question for a man who had quite made up his mind to put to a girl who had contrived to convince herself that she had not made up her own. Indeed it was so large, and required so long a silence, that it is only needful to follow the example of her lover, and to wait in patience, because in certainty, for the inevitable conclusion of the saying about talking castles. It was simply true that she had not realised her utter loneliness in Stoke Juliot Vicarage till this gallant Captain had flashed with his startling brilliance into her sight; and how infinitely more lonesome would be that loneliness if he were to have loved only to ride away! She believed in him through and through. Why not? Who does not believe in whomsoever she desires to believe, through and through? He had fired her fancy with visions of life such as he described it—a festival of splendid pleasure and varied joy. Perhaps the heart of the sea-witch was still a little cold; but her fancy was all on flame.

Once more she shuddered at the other picture—the life of a limpet with Francis Carew at Hornacombe; the perpetual, hopeless condemnation to the life she was learning to detest, and separation from the life she longed for. The wild swan found herself doomed to the poultry-yard just as she was beginning to feel her wings. Then—for when does not that most versatile of all the senses, the sense of duty, fail to ally itself with desire?—then she entirely believed that her duty to her guardian and protector bade her disobey him for the sake of his own benefit in the end, and place an impassable gulf between herself and Francis Carew before more mischief could be done. More than ever it was clear that whatever was to be done must be done behind the Parson's back, so that he might gain all the good without anybody being able to accuse him of abetting a fugitive from the law or of breaking faith with Francis Carew. It may not do to inquire too deeply into the unselfish side of her meditations; but, nevertheless, the side was there, and uppermost, though not, maybe, going very far down.

But she was so long silent that at last the Captain began to think he had given her quite time enough for going through the proper forms of maidenly hesitation. The wind was certainly sharp, and he was growing cold; and even the most hesitating of maidens has no right keep the most patient of lovers waiting till his nose reddens.

"I'll tell you," said he, "how we will manage. It will be as easy as drinking; there'll be no sort of fuss at all. I have plenty of money, and can easily get more. I'll leave the place for a few days, long enough for everybody to think I'm gone for good—never mind where; I'm a soldier, and understand strategy as well as fighting in the field. It will be what they call in tactics a diversion, you understand. And, faith, it will be the deuce's own diversion too. All you have to do will be to lie awake in your bed-room every night from eleven till one; everything's quiet by that time, in this land of nod. To show that you're awake and all's safe and well, put a candle in the window, and as soon as you hear a rattle on the glass take the candle away, so that I may know you've heard. One can't be too particular in signalling. Then, as soon as you hear another rattle, just throw on a hat and cloak, and have a hand-bag ready, if you like, and meet me at your own parlour window. I'll have a coach, or cart, of some sort, waiting—and the thing's done. Why, I've done it" hundreds of times, he was probably going to add, out of force of habit; but managed to check his tongue in time. "And then we'll be as happy for ever as you are beautiful and as the days are long."

"No, Caleb. We should be followed, it can't be."

"Followed! Faith, it would take a good follower to follow me. Do you think that I, whom all the Lords and Commons of Parliament are trying to catch, and can't, and all the Judges are running after, am likely to be caught by the parish constable, who can't even catch a rascally poacher? Who's to follow? The Parson doesn't look much good at a match of heels: why, I'd give him the start to York, and still be first at Gretna Green."

"It's not he. . . . The more I think of it, the more I'm sure that Mr. Carew is not what we believed. . . . He is a man to have his way."

"Oh, he's to be the follower, is he? Well, I can quite understand that Frank Carew might even be fool enough to try to catch his own tail if he took a fancy that way. Obstinance is always the certain sign of a fool. . . . But—my dearest Mabel, listen to me once for all. I'm not going to hear any nonsense about Francis Carew. Let him act like a man by Nance What-do-you-call her; but don't let him come with his meddlesome blundering in my way. I'm a lamb when I'm let alone: nobody more so. You will lead me with a ribbon. But the man who doesn't want to meet an enraged tiger had better keep out of my road. You know why I'm in temporary hiding now. Not that I should care to put on the tiger with a bumpkin like that; and indeed I should really be exceedingly vexed if he compelled me to do him an injury. Still, the notion of him following Me! Absurd. Why, I should simply brush him away like a butcher a bluebottle fly."

He did not speak fiercely, or even contemptuously, but with the supreme and smiling indifference of one whose scorn of such a rival was too complete to condescend to the tone of scorn: too complete even to seem more than a very little amused. But Mabel did not even yet feel wholly reassured.

"He would follow us," said she: so completely had Francis Carew made her feel, through all his awkwardness, that her gift of a flower had been playing with fire.

"Let him, then," said the Captain, just a little crossly for one of so perfect a temper—perhaps just a little jealously. "I don't exactly know which way he'd follow, because there are a good many ways out of Stoke Juliot, and we should only take one of them. It's just about thirteen to two, or perhaps twenty-seven to four, that he'd take another. But, if his thick head did hit on the right one by chance, what then? You would be safe with me. I wonder, Mabel, you should have the smallest fear of anything that could happen to you, once with Me. I tell you, once for all, that I don't care a single snap of the finger for that terrible bumpkin of yours. I shouldn't if he was Goliath come back again; but, if it's any comfort to you, I have my own suspicions of that same terrible bumpkin's courage. As a soldier, I put no faith in those big, broad, bony men. Courage belongs to the mind; it isn't muscle—it's nerve. Why, with my own hand, which is like a lady's to look at, I've sent two Lite Guardsmen together into a ditch; and they were so scared they didn't dare pick one another up for an hour. I"—

Carried away by many stirring personal reminiscences of the triumph of courage over mere brute strength, he did not notice, perhaps did not care to notice, that Mabel suddenly slipped herself out of the protection of his arm, and hurriedly gathered her cloak about her; perhaps she also was getting cold with standing so long in the bleak air. And he noticed it the less because he was thus enabled to illustrate his recollections by drawing his fist up to his shoulder and jerking it out again in defence of Mabel against space at large.

"I happen to be a Gentleman, you see," continued he. "And if nerve beats muscle, blood beats nerve. You can always tell a gentleman by the shape of his finger nails and the blueness of his veins. The Duke of—Southwark—and I were comparing finger-nails the other day, and, by my life and soul, you couldn't tell mine from his or his from mine. I only wish Squire Carew, of Hornacombe, would try his knuckles of beef against a hand with nails like these; and then you'd see for yourself the difference between blood and bone."

Just then he looked up from his hands, which were, in truth, admirably delicate and fine. And, in the midst of his address, his eyes met those of Francis Carew himself, straight before him. And he felt, to his small comfort, that the shaking he had got for trying to kiss Nance Derrick was an unpromising preface to what he might get for putting his arm round Mabel Openshaw.

It was certainly as awkward as it was unexpected a meeting. Francis Carew had long given up lounging on the rocks; it was the last spot where Captain Quickset was likely to be found; and as for Mabel, what business had she there, in such company, and in that cold wind? Francis was no master of hers, and she had not made herself answerable to him; yet she could not avoid flushing, and her flush prevented her from perceiving anything in the bearing of the Captain that might seem inconsistent with his words. He still smiled, though in somewhat sickly fashion. It was certainly as awkward a meeting as could be. Francis Carew, however, lifted his hat to Mabel, ignoring the Captain as completely as if she were alone.

"I was on my way to the Vicarage," said he. "It is all the better I find you so much nearer—it will save you some distance, as we are close to the mouth of the Combe: and it is not very far from there. I'm afraid you will find the walking a little rough: but I have found a track that is fairly dry."

Finding himself ignored, the Captain recovered himself and stepped briskly forward.

"I was just telling Miss Openshaw—whom I met here by the purest accident—the purest, on my life and soul—that I really must be leaving Hornacombe: I must indeed. Affairs of state, you know, can't always wait for me, if I can for them. No Punch, no Play. And I don't like to part in malice, Frank, all for a hasty word. Nobody could bear malice before Miss Openshaw, on my life and soul. Here's my hand, Frank—and never mind apologies. We'll make a mutual set off, as we say in the Army: I should say, as they say in the Law."

"And," said Francis, "you can be home in an hour, if you please. Will you come?"

The Captain shrugged his shoulders, and fell to whistling and re-examining his nails. Of course no brave man can quarrel before a lady, or risk making a scene: nor would Miss Openshaw fail to draw the proper moral from his generosity and good temper as compared with the savage discourtesy and ill-conditioned display of boorish jealousy on the part of his rival. She would take for granted that an officer and gentleman would take proper measures to chastise an insult at the fitting place and time, and in the fitting way: since the Squire's fingers showed no disposition to make farther acquaintance with his coat-collar, he was rather pleased than otherwise at the turn things had taken.

But naturally Mabel only looked bewildered. Indeed, she was rapidly losing her self-possession altogether between these two, and was taking far less intelligent notice of their idiosyncracies than either of them believed.

"Indeed, Mr. Carew," she said, putting on an armour of ice, "I can find my way back to the Vicarage quite well alone. And since you gentlemen seem to have so much to say to one another, with your permission I will."

The Captain, secure of his ground, went on whistling: Francis looked humbled.

"Do you forget what you bade me do last night?" he asked. "And do you suppose it is not done?"

"Last night? No: I don't remember anything, Mr. Carew—except that I am to have nothing of my own: not even a will."

"You said you had set your heart on seeing Cowcumber Jack—because it was hard. And I said—but never mind that. Of course you can see him in half an hour."

Only just before Quickset had come to his tryst she had been meditating on the Horneck story; and here, under the very shadow of old Horneck's black steeple, it was borne in

upon her that her slave also had performed his first task too soon. She sighed—there seemed some real human nature about that foolish old fancy, after all. How had he managed to do so quickly for her sake, in a few short hours, the task for which a trained poacher-hunter had come down all the way from Kent only to find himself baffled? Such swift service for her sake merited at least the reward of civil word; though of course she could not think of exposing herself to new persecution by taking a lonely woodland walk with so desperately energetic a wooer. So she looked to the Captain to decide for her. Surely he would not endure that his rival should thus coolly carry her off, though but for an hour.

So far, however, was the Captain from interfering that, having come to a full understanding with his nails, he was completely occupied with smiling at the offering. Indeed, he looked altogether as if he did not care a straw.

Such indifference piqued her. If he could act not caring so well, so could she.

"I made a mistake, Mr. Carew," she said, with a glance meant to be a little kind, but which seemed to him like a sun-burst through a cloud. "I do remember. And of course, now, I must come. I can't imagine how you have managed it for me; but I do understand; and I am grateful—for thinking so much of a whim."

Again she sent a half-glance towards the Captain. Why did not that potential tiger throw off his lamb's wool; rap out a No, and lay his hand (metaphorically speaking) on his sword? But for the assurance of such a No, she would never have consented to keep the Squire company for five minutes, let alone an hour. But the No did not come. Perhaps he was jealous; perhaps angry with what he might mistake for coquetry; perhaps he did not think it prudent to assume airs of dictation over her; perhaps he was too much of a gentleman to profane a lady's presence by a quarrel; perhaps—but this final perhaps was not to be thought of in the case of one who had proved his courage up to the hilt—in words.

There was nothing left, therefore, but to be as good as her own word. It both surprised and pleased her to find that she had power over this high and mighty lover to make him jealous, and she was irresistibly tempted to try her power a little more.

Possibly it was not altogether the first time that the unfavoured lover has been caught up into Fool's Paradise only in order that a favoured rival may be snubbed with a view to his advantage. Lingeringly, Mabel prepared to leave the rock under escort of Francis Carew; but, though she made her preparations with amazing slowness, and though she sent glance after glance towards the Captain, her signals for interference were in vain. At last her glances became, instead of appeals, flashes of angry lightning. Then, after one pout of pride and scorn, she brought her whole sunshine to bear upon Francis.

"Are we never going to start?" she asked. "I have been ready for ten minutes and more. Why do we not go? And are we really going into the woods? How new and fresh it will all be!"

"Why," said Francis, "I thought I was waiting for you. I'm all ready. Come."

She knew somehow, without looking, that Captain Quickset had turned off along the Vicarage to Stoke Juliot; and, now that her plunge was made, she repented her cruelty. Of course the poor fellow was angry, and with cause; and of course he could not show it, then and there. So vexed was she with herself that she felt she hated poor Francis, and even despised him a little for being so swift to satisfy a woman's whim. So possible is it in five seconds to pass through five hundred flatly contradictory moods. If Francis looked forward to improving the occasion of a walk with the lady of his love all to himself, and of earning a little glory in her eyes for his prompt achievement of his first task, he was bitterly disappointed. But in truth he had not looked forward to anything but doing Queen Mabel's will, without any thought of either profit or glory: it was for her to be pleased, if she pleased; all he had to do was to do. So, now that the Captain was no longer there to be vexed by it, her sunshine turned cold and dull, and she sought, by irritating silence, to punish Francis Carew for her own misdeeds. And no doubt the punishment would have been felt as keenly as she wished had he been a thousandth part as much in love with himself as he was with her.

"I suppose you are wondering how I managed to put salt on that poor fellow's tail," said he, as they turned up the stream that divided the woods from Hornacombe.

"No. That is to say, yes. How?"

"I don't think it was a bad plan. It did seem too great a shame—I mean to hunt down a poor vagabond who, after all, had helped me out of a mess; and he with the keepers after him, and all. Of course I should have had to do even that—but it struck me, while I was in the middle of shaving, that in that struggle with that blackguard, Davis, I had his gun; so that he must have been left without one—unless, as wasn't likely, he had two. How I found my way to that big beech, when I'd only found it the first time by losing my way, and should have been there to this day but for help, is more than I can guess," said he; never having been told love can do much more wonderful things than find the most conspicuous tree in a small wood between sunrise and afternoon, if it goes to work with a will. "Only somehow I seem to have got a new pair of eyes, since."

He stopped abruptly. She had made up her mind that she was going to be tormented with unwelcome love-making, and, finding that she was only going to be made the victim of a long story without a word about herself in it, was put out by the prospect of being spared what she feared. Had he taken advantage of the situation, she would have been angry: as he scrupulously avoided doing so, she was angry all the same. As for him, he would have cut out his tongue rather than say a word to make her think that he had any end in view but doing her a pleasure.

In short, he was puzzling her more and more. She would have understood a sullen imitation of Captain Quickset's jealous silence, or rough anger at finding her in his rival's company, or a warmer continuation of last night's love-making; and instead of any of these things he was talking as if he had really never so much as seen the Captain, as if last night's talk had been but a dream, and as if his only purpose was to put her at her ease. How differently would the Captain have behaved! He assuredly would not have turned suddenly silent at finding himself on the edge of a compliment, or give his hand to help a girl over the roughnesses of a wood as if he were afraid of hurting her fingers by touching them. But then the Captain was a gentleman of experience—and she sighed: Francis Carew could, therefore, only be the other thing, whatever it was: and she frowned. And what was meant by sigh or frown, she herself could not have told.

For they were in the wood now, and were getting well into it; and she might surely have realised a little how completely safe from himself and all else her lover's distant reticence enabled her to feel. Had she been less absolutely safe in his hands, she would perhaps have realised it better. Though her lover, and believing himself all but her promised husband, he waited upon her as a humble squire might attend a Queen, keeping anxious watch over her every footstep, but making no

opportunities for helping her. We have already seen Hornacombe and Base Woods with his eyes: and there is no need to see them with hers. The beauties of damp, decay, and nature left to run wild were enjoyed almost as little then as now, only with the difference that nobody thought it the proper thing to pretend to admire them. Mabel was thinking of herself, and of how glad she would be to be at home again: for, if love-making would have angered her, being angered is better amusement than being bewildered and bored.

"So I did find the beech somehow," said he, helping her to spring into a smooth place: "and I marked the way, so that I could find it now whenever I please. I leaned the gun I took with me against it, with a flask of powder and another of shot, and got into covert, prepared to wait—I'd provisioned myself for a good eight-and-forty hours. For I was somehow as certain that Cowcumber Jack made that beech his head-quarters as that you—I—well, as anything. You haven't much farther to go now: and all the worst's over. We're coming to a glade as smooth as a card table. Well—By the Devil's own luck I hadn't been there over an hour and a quarter when out comes the vagabond after the gun, like a moth after a candle. So, you see, it was more luck than good management after all. I might have waited a week; and there he was in little better than an hour. I was afraid of scaring him by coming out of covert; but the fellow does deserve his name—a real cucumber couldn't have been less scared than he was of me. The long and the short of it is, I am to find him there when I come back, and he keeps the gun."

"Indeed!" said she—and even that was something; for she had been as silent as the woods themselves.

"Ah, I suppose you think I made a fool's bargain? It does sound like one. But there's something queerer about the vagabond than I know how to tell. This hole of a parish, when one comes to know it, is as full of queer things as I never thought a wood would be. That vagabond knows I mean him no harm as well as I know it myself; and I know he'll keep his word, and be at the beech, as well as if I could see into his mind. It seems strange, but it's not half so strange as my finding that beech-tree by myself, considering how I first got there, and how I got away. Yes, it is a strange thing, feeling that one can see into the heart of another, and without doubting if what one sees is true. . . . I wish you could see that way into mine."

Mabel certainly had no such wish on her side; so she said nothing, not even "Indeed." Nor did she even wish to be able to see into his heart, because she thought, wrongly enough, that she knew perfectly well without seeing.

"And there is the very tree," he exclaimed at last, after a very little more scrambling. Assuredly he had given her no cause to complain of him so far. "And now—one little leap more, and here we are."

She had not the faintest interest in her whim any longer, and fully intended to dispose of Cowcumber Jack as soon as possible. She sat down to rest on the huge root, already cushioned with new fallen leaves, while Francis cast about for signs that he had not misread the faith of the vagabond to whom he had just given a new gun.

It seemed at first as if he had been over sanguine; and she even found pleasure in his discomfiture, and in disillusion concerning his power of reading human nature. She smiled to herself, out of the depths of her now wide and varied experience, to think what ridiculous creatures men in love—except, of course, the Captain—are. While waiting with mock patience, and idly picking up and dropping again the dead brown leaves of her cushion, she chanced to glance up sideways at the bole of the beech, and there saw something that made her smile still more—the word

MABEL

clearly and newly cut in the bark right over the name of Francis Carew, as if the latter were a signature. So this was how he had been occupying himself while waiting that morning for the vagabond who seemed to have so little intention of earning his gun. Yes—men were foolish indeed. They put faith in one another, and waste their precious hours in working for girls' whims and spoiling good trees with girls' names. And what right had he to make free with hers, for all the poachers in Stoke Juliot to jest over? But though she flushed at the sight, she was the most angry with the criminal because he had made her angry with herself for not feeling angry enough with him. This was not logic; but it was Mabel Openshaw.

In short, she was all at once in a whirl of opposite moods; none of them deep—unless, indeed, one or two that appeared the most shallow—but infinitely confusing and confused. She was just beginning to wonder how long Francis Carew's faith in human nature would lead him to wait for this vagabond, and to meditate upon the cutting things she would say to him on her way home, her thoughts digressing, for they had ample time and quickness, to Captain Quickset, when Francis exclaimed,

"Here he is at last—as sound asleep as midnight. I said he would be here: gun and all. Wait there, while I rouse him. It's an odd notion, though, to sleep face downwards. Holloa, Jack—wake up, my man. Well, this is something like sleeping. . . . Good God!"

It was into a cry of horror that his voice broke. She had never heard such a tone since she was a child, and the ship whence she had been saved went down. She sprang to her feet; but had she felt braver she would not have stirred a step from the beech-tree. Whatever impulse it was, it was not of courage that made her run at once to where the unknown danger in that dark wood might be, but where also was the man who she knew would shield her from fiery dragons as surely as she scorned him, and as she thought she hated him.

"For God's sake, stay where you are!" he called out; but his thought for her came too late, and she was already by his side, looking down into the staring eyes of a dead man—a ghastly corpse, bearing witness with its visible blood against some fellow-creature's hand.

She turned sick at the sight; and could only look her question.

"It is Derrick—Murdered!" cried he.

(To be continued.)

The report of the Fishery Board for Scotland for the year 1883 has been published as a Bluebook. Among other subjects dealt with in the report are harbour accommodation, the herring fishery, the branding of herrings, the cod and ling fishery, beam trawling, salmon fisheries, and marine police.

The present year has witnessed the formation of a larger number of Volunteer camps than usual. The total number sanctioned by the authorities in Great Britain, exclusive of the annual gatherings at Wimbledon, Shoeburyness, and Aldershot, amounted to 133.

Colonel Fox-Strangways yesterday week highly complimented the officers, non-commissioned officers, and men forming the Southern Division of Artillery Volunteers on the admirable discipline they had maintained during their week in Shoeburyness. The meeting had been one of the most successful yet held. The Northern Division took possession of the camp last Saturday.

CROSSING THE CHANNEL.

Our August holiday-makers and seekers of health or pleasure in change of scene ought not to be deterred from visiting the opposite coasts of France and Normandy—the most salubrious shores of Continental Europe—by the fact that cholera has been prevailing in the Mediterranean seaports about six hundred miles distant overland. Calais and Boulogne, to people who like those places of the easiest resort from England, are quite as safe, and will continue to be so, from the peril of epidemic disease, as any of our own marine bathing and lounging towns in Kent and Sussex. The short sea-passage either from Dover or Folkestone is a refreshment to the Londoner; and it is amusing, for a couple of hours, to observe the figures and attitudes of those on board the steam-boats, from which our Artist has selected a few characteristic subjects. The English captain of the "Mary Beatrice" is a well-known personage, Captain Dane, who has earned the title of "the Royal Captain," because he has often been specially appointed to take charge of the South-Eastern Railway Company's boat which conveys the Prince of Wales, or some other members of the Royal family, across the Channel from Folkestone. The French Captain, M. Jutelet, of a boat running between Calais and Dover, is a smart and lively officer, a man of proved courage, who has more than once plunged into the waves to save the lives of persons falling overboard, at the risk of his own, and who is deservedly a favourite with passengers of both nations. Our readers will notice the difference of costume, as well between the English and French crews, as between the ladies and gentlemen travelling by these Channel boats; the French traveller being usually attired pretty much as if he were on a land journey, or merely walking the streets on a rough and windy day, whereas the Englishman, his wife and daughters, have a fancy for special equipment as tourists, with Glengarry caps or soft felt hats, loose dust-coats, capes, and knickerbockers, and with scarves, rugs, bags, slung field-glasses and couriers' pouches, and light overall dresses, hats, and veils, for the ladies, showing that they consider such a trip as this worthy of business-like preparation. They carry about on deck their portmanteaux, hand-baskets, and bundles of umbrellas, shawls, and parasols, or repose beside them on the shelves of the cabin, according to the present or absent sensation of "mal-de-mer," from which let us hope that all may soon be delivered. But at its very worst, in these calm summer days, it is pleasanter and healthier to be ferried across the Channel in properly appointed steam-boats, and probably not less expeditious, than it could ever be to undergo the gloomy penance of a submarine railway tunnel nearly thirty miles long (including its end approaches) with a stilling atmosphere, and not a glimpse of daylight all the way. The disagreeable experience of sea-sickness is a trifle compared to the injurious physical effects of two hours' confinement in an underground passage which could not possibly be ventilated, and the horrible monotony of which would be a dismal exchange for the bright prospect of open sea and sky.

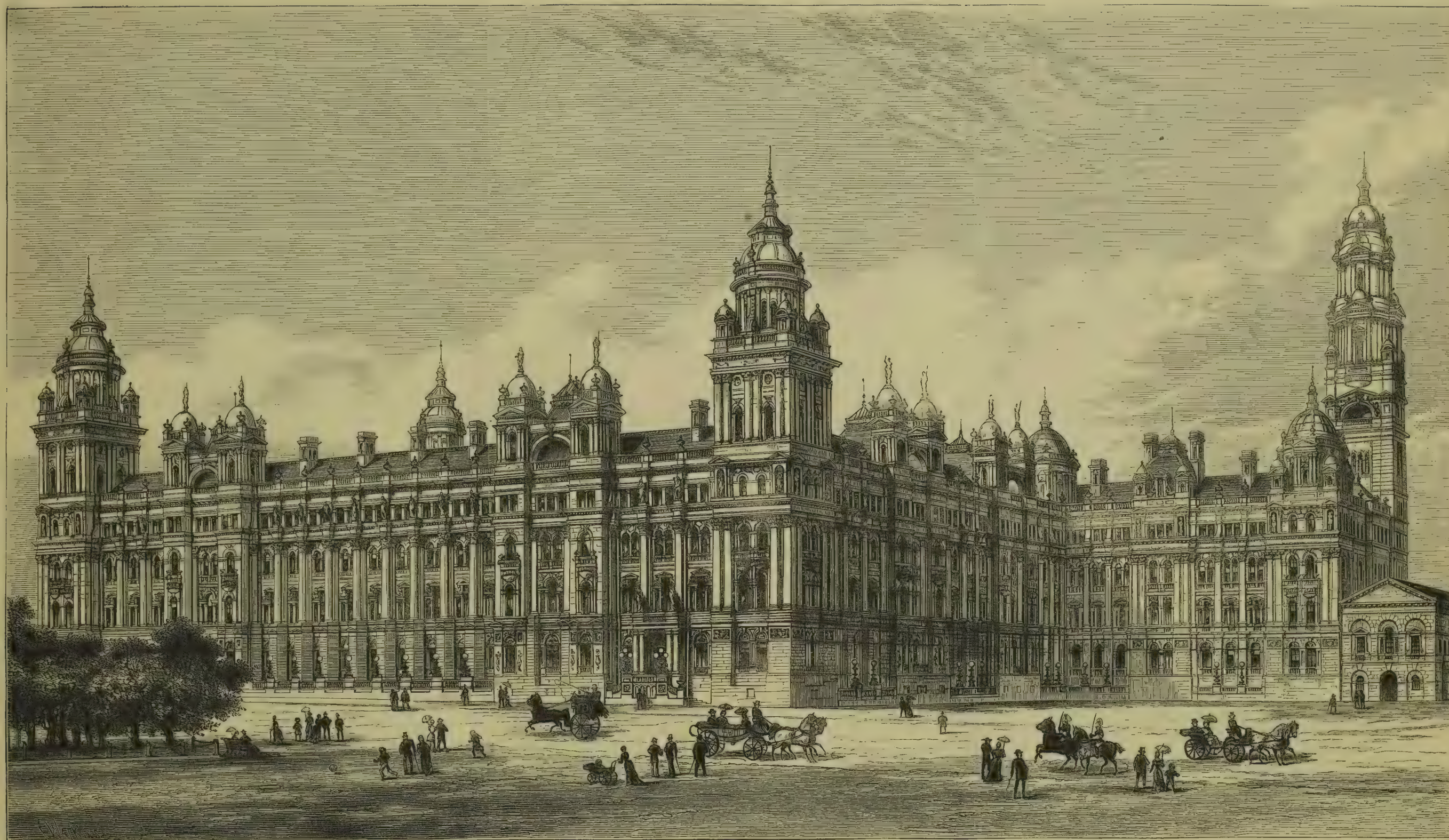
GROWING LONDON.

Year by year, almost month by month, the rural scenery of four English shires, Middlesex, Surrey, Kent, and Essex, is swallowed up by the Metropolitan Octopus, the huge congeries of more than half a million closely-built houses, thrusting out its town buildings, with insidious pretensions to suburban pleasantness, along the main roads of the Home Counties, north and south, east and west, north-west, north-east, south-west and south-east, absorbing the quiet old villages and hamlets, encroaching on their public "Greens," devouring private parks and gardens, transforming the verdant hills and meadows into hideous brickfields, and subsequently into a labyrinth of gravelled roads with similar rows of petty villadwellings, or streets not much unlike those of any other modern English town. The richer classes of London have migrated to the western suburbs, while the middle classes have gone farther north and farther south; and the latter have certainly got the best of it in their choice of a locality of residence, so far as the natural situation is concerned. Highgate, Hampstead, and Hornsey, on the north side, Brixton Rise, Streatham, Dulwich, and Norwood, on the south, have advantages of air and aspect far superior to any site west of Kensington and Notting-hill. On the other hand, though Hammersmith, Brook-green, Shepherd's Bush, and Wormwood-scrubbs are neither very attractive nor aristocratic, the movement of town extension is still westward, and Holland Park is hardly now suburban, being completely inclosed by populous quarters of West London. The railway-line from West Brompton to Addison-road, Uxbridge-road, and Latimer-road commands a large portion of the newly-built or half-built ground, where the features of "Growing London" delineated in our Artist's Sketches may be viewed by passengers from the carriage windows. It is not many years since pleasant fields, orchards, and large gardens, with a distant view of the hills of West Middlesex, occupied the greater part of that space for several miles. The actual neighbourhood was at least semi-rural, and the fair open country was fully within sight. That was "before the town invasion." Then came the "invaders," the men of bricks and mortar, with advanced skirmishers of the shovel and spade, who cut away the green turf, dug square pits in the earth for the foundations of houses, made lengths of mud and dust which were intended for roads, and generally disfigured the landscape till one could have wished to see it built over as quickly as possible. Long it lay in that desolate condition, relieved only by the sight of vast rows of piles of neatly-cut pasty clay, the newly-moulded bricks, here and there gathered in stacks for burning with a disagreeable stench. Gipsies pitched their camps in the suburban wilderness, like the Bedouins hanging around an Eastern city, but not, so far as we know, watching for a chance of plunder, unless it were that of the household linen fluttering on ropes in the back gardens. Boys came to play cricket, and smaller boys to fish or catch worms in the muddy ponds and ditches. A plot of ground was hired for a lawn-tennis club. Temporary huts and sheds were put up for the accommodation of bricklayers and carpenters, who began, after a time, the work of actual construction. It was rapidly carried on where the speculative builders had plenty of money or credit; the tall houses, detached or semi-detached, or in the closed lines improperly called "terraces," which ultimately become the sides of streets, rose up in a few months, roofed and windowed, and calling for tenants; and they seemed, like the serried battalions of a gigantic army, to be marching and counter-marching, manœuvring to and fro, with a view to some combined plan of tactics, on the battle-field of an immense plain outside the inhabited town of London. That is the way in which London extends to the westward, not by growth, but rather by territorial conquest, by an apparent military occupation, in which blocks of houses move forward so suddenly, and with such manifest force and determination, that they seem like enormous bodies of combatants inspired with a commanding will. Our anxiety is to know when and where they will stop. It may be that the next generation will see London at Uxbridge.



1. One of the Crew—English. 2. One of the Crew—French. 3. A British Passenger. 4. A French Passenger. 5. The English Captain. 6. Hoisting the Flag.
7. "Those troublesome big hats." 8. In the Cabin. 9. Braving the Breeze. 10. French Captain of Calais Boat. 11. Sketching under Difficulties. 12. Honeymoon Travellers.

CROSSING THE CHANNEL.—I. THE BOULOGNE BOAT.



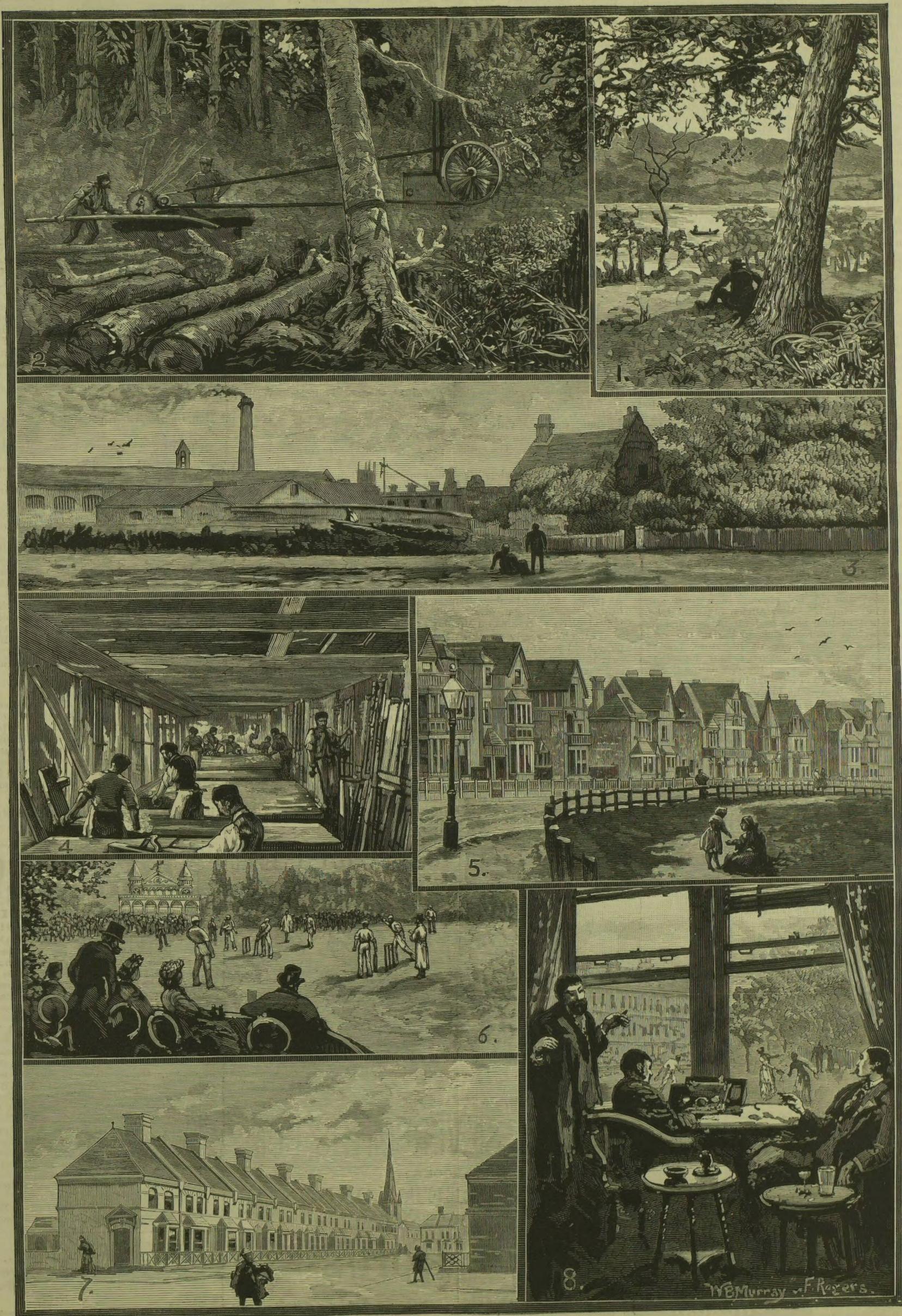
THE NEW GOVERNMENT OFFICES AT WHITEHALL: ADMIRALTY AND WAR DEPARTMENT.
MESSRS. LEEMING AND LEEMING, OF HALIFAX, ARCHITECTS.



"On Sunday, dressed in all my best, I walk abroad with Sally."

"SALLY IN OUR ALLEY."

FROM THE PICTURE BY E. S. KENNEDY, AT THE LATE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.



1. Semi-rural, before the Town Invasion.
5. The Growing Town.

2. Some of the Invaders.
6. Cricket-Field at West Kensington.

3. Outposts of the Attack.
7. Workmen's Dwellings.

4. In the Workshops.
8. Lawn Tennis Club.

GROWING LONDON: SKETCHES IN THE WESTERN SUBURBS.

SEE PAGES 182 AND 187

HOLIDAY READING.

The season that allures Englishmen to the moors and mountains, to seaside haunts and to the greenery of woods, is the dull season of the year in the book market. Even the hard-working student throws his volumes aside when the reapers are in the field, and the hot sun of August pierces through the forest foliage, making a flickering shadow on the ground. To live an outdoor life, a life of sensation rather than of thought, of dreamy musings rather than of definite action, is the natural wish of the man who has been toiling hard for ten months. His mood of mind inclines him to think he can very well dispense with books altogether. Nature, he may declare, has much to tell that is not to be gained from study. Does not Shakespeare say that continual plodders win little save base authority from others' books? Does not Milton say that "many books are wearisome"? Does not Cowper say of the tame scenery round Olney that even there Learning may wiser grow without his books? And does not Wordsworth say that one impulse from the vernal woods—and why not from the summer and autumn woods, also?—will teach us more of moral evil and of good than all the sages can?

There may be truth in these poetical declarations, but it is not the whole truth. Nature does but grant to us what we take to her. "We receive but what we give," and it is the full mind, the mind most susceptible to beauty, most quick to perceive, most ready to appropriate, that gains from natural scenery the most exquisite delight. In other words, the source of our pleasure amidst scenes of loveliness or grandeur is to be found in previous culture, the culture that is chiefly gained from books; and, other things being equal, the man who possesses the largest stock of knowledge will have the greatest enjoyment in his holiday hours. Nor is this all: the mind, like the body, requires to be fed daily; if not always with substantial food, yet with the fare that will stimulate fancy, quicken the intellect, and keep the brain from stagnation. Few of us can afford to live long on our own thoughts; conversation even with the dearest friends flags after awhile, and it may be questioned whether the delightful leisure of the summer vacation will be fully enjoyed if we do not carry books with us into our retreat. Of course everything depends upon the choice we make. There are authors—very respectable writers in their way—who need a library chair, a desk, and a winter fire. One has to brace up one's courage to read them. They are sound in quality, but dry, solid; but not alluring. Their works are indispensable on the shelves of a good library, but we do not take them to our hearts or treat them as companions. The political economist, the sagacious writer on finance, the historian of the English Constitution or of English labour, the antiquarian who has read a nation's story in the "deep-delved earth" must be content to remain behind when we make our August flitting. Tastes differ, no doubt, and there are tourists who may find a place in their trunks for Schopenhauer's "Philosophy" or for De Morgan's "Trigonometry," but most of us at such a time will crave, and justly crave, for lighter food. Light literature is essential for holiday reading; but it need not be trashy literature. The book read in a beautiful spot should be worthy of being remembered in association with the place.

One of the most delightful of novelists has made the hero of "Northanger Abbey" say, "The person, be it gentleman or lady, who has not pleasure in a good novel must be intolerably stupid." Miss Austen is right. There are few things in literature more grateful than a first-rate story. In the season of recreation and rest the novel is perhaps the most welcome form of literature, but the tales chosen for country companions should be of the highest class, and not the refuse of the circulating library. We have been sometimes told of late that in politics the period of ten years lands us in ancient history; the same remark appears to hold good with novels. Readers prefer the newest fiction simply because it is new, while they turn with indifference from volumes rich in imagination, in delineation of character, in the artistic management of plot. Some there are, it is to be feared, who are contented to read trash, and worse than trash, from the total lack of moral and literary perception. A far larger number take the poor novel of the hour because it is most accessible. This is a mistake at all times, but in preparing for the land or sea change of the year selection seems to be especially called for. English fiction has many masterpieces, books that lay hold of us as only works of genius can. If any such

are known to the traveller merely by report, let him select at least two or three for his companions on his journey, and they will not fail to prove his friends. It seems absurd to carry a commonplace story into the country when ignorant of some of the best novels of Scott and Thackeray, of Dickens and Jane Austen, of Charlotte Brontë and George Eliot.

Fiction pleases most readers; the sway of poetry is more limited, but more powerful. Poets are the interpreters of Nature; they give us eyes; they show us the depths and heights of life; they rouse in us larger aspirations; they awaken feelings of which without them we should be unconscious. There are people who tell you they like poetry next to prose; which means that for them it is without significance. There are others who know the joy it yields, and they will not need to be advised to take their Shakespeare or Wordsworth, their Keats or Tennyson, with them when they go into the country. And what daintier little volume can they carry in their pocket than Mr. Palgrave's "Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics"? Then the essayists, especially "Elia," the dearest and greatest, are delightful companions in the country; and there is a small but very precious book, edited by Professor Colvin, containing the choicest thoughts and wisdom of Savage Landor, that will be found to suit many moods of mind. So also will Sir Arthur Helps' "Companions of My Solitude," a book of the essay class, rich alike in beauty and in thought. "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," the numerous and charming volumes of Washington Irving and of his great countryman Hawthorne—whose "Impressions of England," by-the-way, should have an infinite attraction for Englishmen—are all books to be read and enjoyed in the open air. The choice indeed is infinite, and if the vacation tourist select wisely he will add not a little to the pleasure of his happy leisure hours.

A concert arranged by Madame Adelina Patti on behalf of the Swansea Hospital, given on the 14th inst., was an unprecedented success.

A series of chromolithograph reproductions of J. W. M. Turner's Vignette Drawings has been published by Messrs. George Rowney and Co., of Oxford-street and Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, which will be acceptable to many lovers of art. The first portfolio contains eight drawings, those of Traitor's Gate, Tower of London, Greenwich Hospital, the Fair at Salisbury, St. Peter's at Rome, the Ruins of the Temple at Paestum, Galileo's Villa, Derwentwater, and Loch Lomond. They are well drawn on the stone by Mr. M. H. Long, but on a very small scale. The entire work is to comprise twenty-four such drawings.

There were several political demonstrations, Liberal and Conservative, last Saturday—the principal one, perhaps, being that at Highclere Castle, where the Earl of Carnarvon received the secretaries of Conservative associations in and around London. Mr. J. K. Cross, M.P., and Mr. Charles Russell, M.P., attended a Liberal meeting in Bolton. Viscount Bury, Sir Charles Mills, M.P., Mr. Grantham, M.P., Viscount Lewis-ham, M.P., and Mr. Talbot, M.P., were the principal speakers at a Conservative gathering held in Lewisham. The Cheshire Conservatives held a meeting at Beeston Castle, which was addressed by Mr. J. W. Lowther and the Messrs. Tollemache. At Bolton and at Aberdeen Reform demonstrations were also held. Mr. E. Gibson, M.P., spoke at a great gathering of Conservatives at Halifax on Monday evening.

At the half-yearly meeting of the Midland Railway Company, held yesterday week at Derby, the chairman mentioned that the number of first-class passengers had been 40,175 less and the third-class 756,530 more than in the previous corresponding half-year.—In presenting the half-year's accounts to the shareholders of the London and North-Western Railway Company last Saturday, Mr. Richard Moon attributed the diminution in the dividend, which he described as the greatest drop that had ever occurred in the history of the company, to the fact that trade, instead of reviving, was now worse than ever, while competition was fiercer than it had ever been.—The Board of Trade's report on the railways of the United Kingdom has been issued. The capital invested is £784,921,000, an increase of £17,000,000 since last year. Another notable fact is that while first and second class passenger receipts keep declining, third class steadily increase. The latter are now much more than double first and second combined.

OBITUARY.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, K.G.

The most noble Arthur Richard Duke of Wellington, Marquis Douro, Marquis and Earl of Wellington, Viscount Wellington, and Baron Douro, of Wellesley, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom, Earl of Mornington, Viscount Wellesley of Dangan, and Baron of Mornington in the Peerage of Ireland, Prince of Waterloo in the Netherlands, Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo, and a Grande of the First Cross in Spain; Duke of Vittoria, Marquis of Torres Vedras, and Count of Vimiera in Portugal, died suddenly at Brighton, on the 13th inst. His Grace was born Feb. 3, 1807, the elder son of Major-General the Hon. Sir Arthur Wellesley, whose great services eventually achieved the brilliant titles we have just enumerated. His mother was the Hon. Catherine Pakenham, daughter of Edward Michael, second Lord Longford. After passing through Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, he entered the Rifle Brigade in 1823, and attained the rank of Major-General in 1862. He was an ardent advocate of the Volunteer movement, and became Lieut.-Colonel of the Victoria Rifles, Middlesex, of which county he was Lord Lieutenant. He succeeded his father, the Great Duke, Sept. 14, 1852, and his cousin, the Earl of Mornington, July 25, 1863. Previous to his accession to the Peerage, he sat in the House of Commons for Aldeburgh, 1829 to 1831, and for Norwich from 1837 to 1852. In January, 1853, he was appointed Master of the Horse and sworn of the Privy Council. He married, April 18, 1839, Lady Elizabeth Hay (member of the Royal Order of Victoria and Albert), daughter of the eighth Marquis of Tweeddale, but had no issue. The family honours devolve, consequently, on his Grace's nephew Henry, now third Duke of Wellington, elder surviving son of the late Lord Charles Wellesley.

THE EARL OF LAUDERDALE.

The Right Hon. Charles, twelfth Earl of Lauderdale, Viscount of Lauderdale and Maitland, and Baron of Thirlestane and Boltoun, in the Peerage of Scotland, and a Baronet of Nova Scotia, died on the 12th inst., having been struck by lightning while out shooting. He was born Sept. 29, 1822, the only son of the Rev. Charles Maitland, Rector of Little Longford, Wilts, and succeeded to the family honours at the death of his kinsman Thomas, eleventh Earl, G.C.B., Admiral of the Fleet, and Principal Aide-de-Camp to the Queen, Sept. 1, 1878. He represented the great family of Maitland of Thirlestane, of which was John, Duke of Lauderdale, K.G., the celebrated Minister in the reign of Charles II. The nobleman whose death we record was never married.

BARON DE TEISSIER.

Baron de Teissier, on the 17th inst., at his residence, 7, Brunswick-square, Hove, in his sixty-eighth year. The deceased was until very recently connected with several public bodies in the town. He was a member of the Board of Commissioners for Hove, represented the Church party on the Brighton School Board, and was for many years Justice of the Peace for Sussex. He was a Lieutenant-Colonel in the British Army, and served in Scinde, Afghanistan, and Beloochistan.

General Brine and Mr. Dale crossed the Channel yesterday week in the balloon Colonel.

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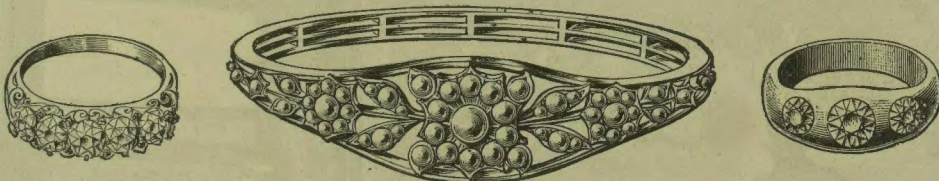
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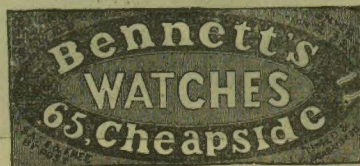
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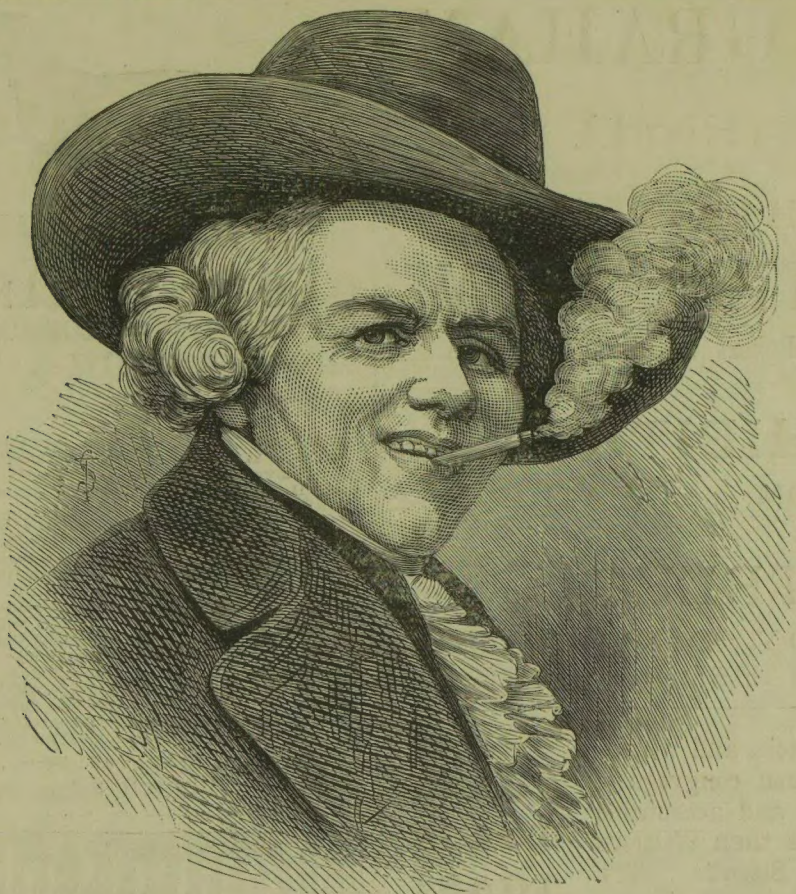
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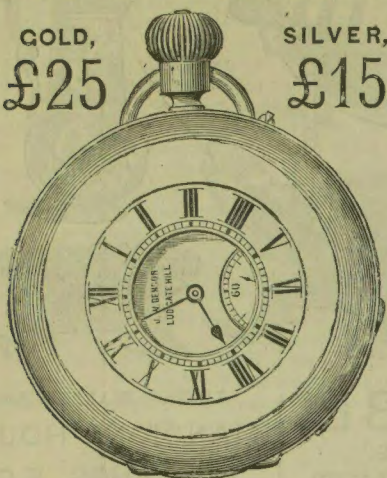
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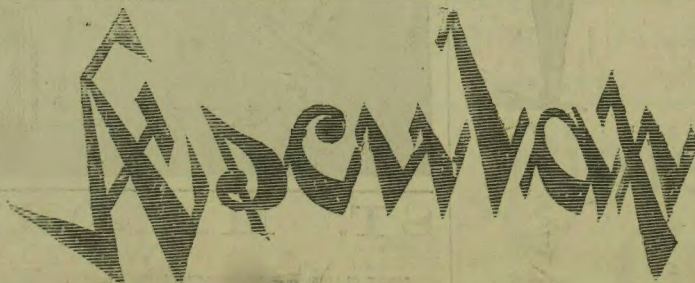
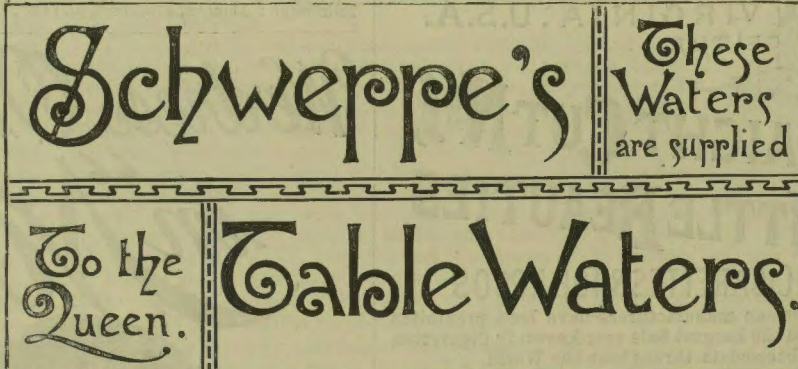
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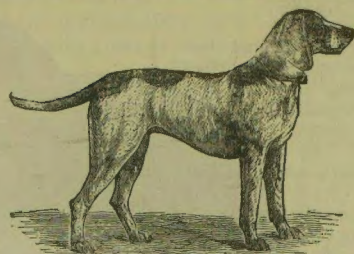
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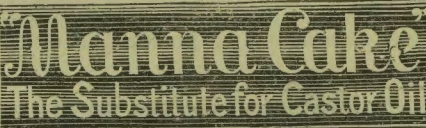
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